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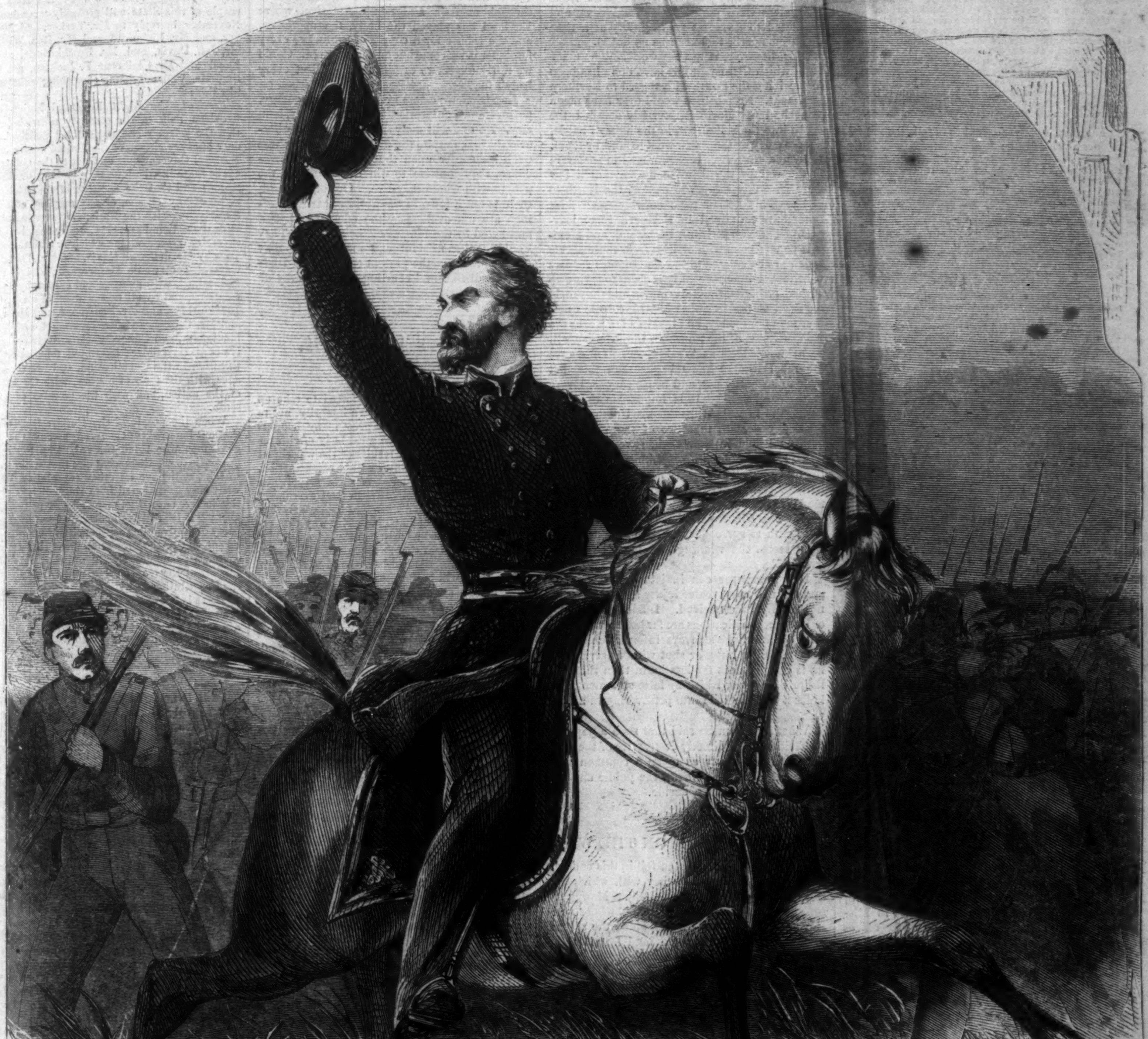


GENERAL LYON AT THE BATTLE OF SPRINGFIELD.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE BATTLE AT SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI.

WE illustrate on page 545 THE DEATH OF GENERAL LYON AT THE BATTLE OF SPRINGFIELD, and on page 549 the REBEL PRISONERS HAULING OFF GENERAL SIEGEL'S GUNS, after the horses had been killed. The following account of the battle is furnished by an eye-witness, who left Springfield on Sunday morning and came through to Rolla on horseback:

> Our army marched out of Springfield on Friday evening only 5500 strong, the Home Guard remaining at that place. Our forces slept on the prairie a portion of the night, and about sunrise on Saturday morning drove in the outposts of the enemy, and soon after the attack became general.
>
> The attack was made in two columns by Generals Lyon and Sturgis, General Siegel leading a flanking force of about one thousand men and four guns on the south of the enemy's camp.
>
> The fight raged from sunrise until one or two o'clock in the afternoon. The rebels, in overwhelming force, charged Captain Totten's battery three distinct times, but were repulsed with great slaughter.
>
> General Lyon fell early in the day. He had been previously wounded in the leg, and had a horse shot from under him.
>
> The Colonel of one of the Kansas regiments having become disabled, the boys cried out, "General, you come and lead us on!" He did so, and at once putting himself in front, and while cheering the men on to the charge, received a bullet in the left breast, and fell from his horse. He was asked if he was hurt, and replied, "No, not much," but in a few minutes he expired without a struggle.
>
> General Siegel had a very severe struggle, and lost three of his four guns. His artillery horses were shot in their harness, and the pieces disabled. He endeavored to haul them off with a number of prisoners he had taken, but was finally compelled to abandon them, first, however, spiking the guns and disabling the carriages.
>
> About one o'clock the enemy seemed to be in great disorder, retreating and setting fire to their train of baggage wagons. Our forces were too much fatigued and cut up to pursue, so the battle may be considered a drawn one.

The *Herald* correspondent thus tells the sad tale of poor Lyon's death:

> For two or three days before the battle General Lyon changed much in appearance. Since it became apparent to him that he must abandon the Southwest or have his army cut to pieces, he had lost much of his former energy and decision. To one of his staff he remarked, the evening before the battle, "I am a man believing in presentiments; and ever since this night surprise was planned I have had a feeling I can not get rid of that it would result disastrously. Through the refusal of Government properly to reinforce me I am obliged to abandon the country. If I leave it without engaging the enemy the public will call me a coward. If I engage him, I may be defeated and my command cut to pieces. I am too weak to hold Springfield, and yet the people will demand that I bring about a battle with the very enemy I can not keep a town against. How can this result otherwise than against us?"
>
> On the way to the field I frequently rode near him. He seemed like one bewildered, and often when addressed failed to give any recognition, and seemed totally unaware that he was spoken to. On the battle-field he gave his orders promptly, and seemed solicitous for the welfare of his men, but utterly regardless of his own safety. While he was standing where bullets flew thickest, just after his favorite horse was shot from under him, some of his officers interposed and begged that he would retire from the spot and seek one less exposed. Scarcely raising his eyes from the enemy he said:
>
> "It is well enough that I stand here. I am satisfied."
>
> While the line was forming for the charge against the rebels in which he lost his life, General Lyon turned to Major Sturgis, who stood near him, and remarked:
>
> "I fear that the day is lost; if Colonel Siegel had been successful he would have joined us before this. I think I will lead this charge."
>
> He had been wounded in the leg in an early part of the engagement—a flesh wound merely—from which the blood flowed profusely. Major Sturgis during the conversation noticed blood on General Lyon's hat, and at first supposed he had been touching it with his hand, which was wet with blood from his leg. A moment after, perceiving that it was fresh, he removed the General's hat and asked the cause of its appearance. "It is nothing, Major; nothing but a wound in the head," said General Lyon, turning away and mounting his horse. Without taking the hat held out to him by Major Sturgis, he addressed the Iowans he was to command with—
>
> "*Forward men! I will lead you!*"
>
> Two minutes afterward he lay dead on the field, killed by a rifle-ball through the breast, just above the heart. In death his features wore the same troubled and puzzled expression that had been fixed upon them for the past week. His body was brought to town in the afternoon, and will be forwarded to his friends in Connecticut for interment.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1861.

LIBERTY OF SPEECH.

THE presentment by the Grand Jury of the United States Circuit Court of certain New York journals as aiders and abettors of treason, the suppression of treasonable papers in Missouri, and the forcible demolition of the offices of similar sheets published in New England, naturally suggest discussion on the subject of liberty of speech. The journals assailed or suppressed claim that to interfere with them is to violate liberty of speech—a privilege emphatically secured to the American people by the Constitution. It is well worth while to test this claim.

Liberty of speech, like every other kind of liberty, is not absolute, but conditional. It is subject to the condition that individuals shall not be libeled, and that the public morals or welfare shall not be directly and flagrantly assailed. The assault must be clear, and the injury obvious and gross. A journal may censure the policy of the Government with almost any severity of language, or assail the opinions of a majority of the people with any degree of violence, and yet be entitled to protection against assault. But it can not pretend that liberty of the press justifies the publication of statements or opinions which are directly and obviously destructive of the morals, or the welfare, or the safety of the people. For the liberty of the press, like all other kinds of liberty, is limited by the essential restriction that its exercise shall not be injurious to others.

The question, therefore, involved, in the case of the journals to which we have alluded is simply—did they confine themselves within the limits of a fair opposition to the measures of Government and to the opinions of the majority of the people, or was their course directly and obviously destructive of the welfare or safety of the nation? If the latter alternative be true, then it would clearly seem that they were nuisances which not only required abatement at the hands of the officers of the law, but which might be abated by any citizen or party of citizens without legal formality of any kind.

We presume that it will not be denied that these journals were hostile to the Government, and friendly to the rebels who are in arms endeavoring to destroy it; that they advocated measures which would paralyze our armies; that they did their best to damp the military spirit of the people and to injure the credit of the Government; that they excused the treason of the traitors, and blamed each successive step taken by loyal people; that the general tendency of their articles upon the mind of persons not otherwise informed must have been to create a feeling of disloyalty and opposition to the national policy at the present crisis. That some of the editors were sincere in the expression of these views is very possible. But that the views themselves were pernicious, mischievous, and calculated to do great public injury at a time of extreme peril, there can be no doubt.

This, however, is not the worst. The chief harm which these journals have done has been in deceiving the South with regard to Northern sentiment. No rebellion would ever have taken place had not Northern journals deluded the South into the belief that, in the hour of battle, a large party at the North would stand by them. Even now the South is encouraged to persevere in the war by the delusive notion that a few more weeks' fighting will compel the North to yield. This notion rests entirely upon false statements contained in Northern rebel journals. The New Orleans, Richmond, and Memphis papers teem with articles from these sheets which are calculated to induce ignorant readers to believe that a peace party is about to spring up at the North, that the Government and the people are tired of the war, that Mr. Lincoln has neither men nor money, and that in a few weeks the independence of the Southern Confederacy will be acknowledged at Washington. Of course the rebel leaders know better than this, but their followers do not, and hence they persevere in their rebellion. It is impossible to exaggerate the mischief thus done. Union men in Kentucky declare that two of these journals, both published in New York, gave them more trouble than Magoffin, Breckinridge, and all the other native traitors. And this can easily be understood. When a wavering Southerner reads in a New York paper—the only one he sees—that Mr. Lincoln is about to give way, and the North to surrender, the temptation to join what seems the winning side must be almost irresistible.

If a newspaper can inflict upon the public and the nation a greater injury than this, it can not readily be conceived. Infidel or immoral or indecent publications are far less mischievous. The deserter who conveys information to the enemy, and is hung or shot without scruple if he is caught, does far less harm than the publisher of a paper which by false statements deludes a whole people into persevering in a fatal war.

Whether it can be said that such a paper is so obviously and directly destructive of the public welfare or safety as to be a common nuisance requiring abatement, the public and the Courts of Justice must decide.

BRITISH OPINION ON THE WAR.

DISAPPOINTMENT has been felt in this country at the universal complacency with which our troubles are regarded in England. Many persons had expected that Englishmen, whose anti-slavery teachings had largely aided the spread of abolitionism here, would hold fast to their principles when slavery made war upon the United States. The event has not justified these expectations. And in the light of experience they must be pronounced unreasonable.

For they ignore the essential characteristic of the British temper—which is blind selfishness. All nations are in a measure selfish—that is to say, they prefer their own interest to that of others. But no nation but Great Britain is so wholly wrapped in considerations of narrow self-interest as to be utterly indifferent to the well-being of every foreign people. No nation but the English systematically rejoice over the misfortunes of their neighbors, from the mean idea that they are rivals, and that their losses are England's gain. No people but Englishmen carry selfishness to such an extent as to be incapable of feeling pleasure at any one's prosperity but their own, or of feeling sorrow at any misfortunes which do not strike directly at their own pockets.

The uniform, consistent policy of the British nation has been ever based on hostility to every other nation in the world. Englishmen seem to have aimed at being Ishmaels and pariahs—and to have succeeded. At home and abroad, they hate every body, and are hated in return. No spark of generosity, or sympathy, or kindly interest in other people's welfare ever illumines British foreign policy, or the foreign articles of the leading British journals. Other nations can feel for foreigners: Frenchmen helped to free Italy; Russians are cordial to Germany Spaniards, Portuguese, Turks, Swedes, Asiatics—all evince occasional sympathy for nations beyond their own border. Englishmen never for an instant waver in their enmity to all foreigners.

Nothing but the most exemplary forbearance on the part of the rulers of France has prevented the French resenting the uniform hostility which England has shown to every French Government from the Restoration to the present empire, and to every great measure of French policy. Spain, absorbed in the task of national regeneration, has been worried at every step in her path by the captious and aimless cavils of England. Italy, after being goaded to war by British taunts, conquered her independence in the teeth of British threats and British protests. The leading organ of German opinion gives fair expression to German sentiment when it calls the English the nuisances of the 19th century. Hatred is a feeble term to describe the feelings with which Englishmen are regarded in Russia and the Scandinavian kingdoms. And throughout Asia and South America, where England has played the bully, the oppressor, and the robber for a couple of centuries, every foreigner is welcome but an Englishman. Could we fairly expect to escape the ill-will of every body's foe?

Englishmen possess great qualities: energy, perseverance, enterprise, business capacity, honesty. No one will deny them these. Yet wherever they go, despite the undoubted benefit these qualities confer upon the place of their residence, they contrive to win the dislike of the people with whom they live. Out of England, there is not a town in the world where Englishmen are not avoided by the educated classes, and hated by the masses of the people. They would be inconsistent and unnatural if they failed to improve the present crisis by conciliating the dislike and courting the antipathy of Americans.

THE LOUNGER.

CONSEQUENCES.

WHEN the Government was forced to take up arms, it did so to defend its own integrity, not to destroy slavery. Of course a great many thoughtful persons then saw, as the great body of citizens now see, that one of the results of the war thrust by slavery upon the country will be emancipation. In other words, the interest of slave property as the dominant political interest in the Government will be overthrown, and when that happens slavery will disappear. But in what precise way that result will be reached no man can say.

It is equally clear that as the rebels still persist, and the war proceeds and is removed to the Gulf States, there will be danger of slave-insurrections. They are always the dangerous contingency of wars in populous slave regions. No sane man desires them; but every fool can see the danger. Who is responsible for them if they occur? The men who insisted upon war, by forcibly withstanding and outraging the Government, or the Government, which, even after war was theoretically begun, still hoped that it might be practically avoided?

The slaveholders, with sad and habitual inconsistency, at one moment execrate those whom they suspect of exciting insurrections, and at the next declaim upon the sleek satisfaction of the slaves whom nothing could induce to rise. Why then—pertinently asks Dr. Russell—why then, if they are so happy, keep telling me that they are so? And he adds that his impression does not justify what he hears.

No: that wretched delusion has gone forever. We have always been told how contented and happy they are. But have we forgotten how Virginia quivered and reeled with terror before the pike of one gray old man asking the slaves to come to him? Have we forgotten what John Randolph said about the fire-bell in Richmond that never sounded at night but every mother clasped her child in vague horror to her breast, lest it might mean insurrection? Have we forgotten all the laws of all the slave States? Have we forgotten the patrol, the restless supervision, not against police offenses, but against a nameless and universal fear? Have we forgotten the awful fate that has overtaken any one who was suspected of telling these happy creatures that there was even a greater happiness than their condition? Have we forgotten that the word freedom has been the most dangerous word to utter in the slave-section? Have we forgotten history and human nature?

No, no: that horrible, hackneyed humbug about the content of slaves is forever dissipated. Individual affection of course there is. Touissant l'Ouverture, the chief of the Saint Domingo revolt, so loved his master and his family that he saved their lives. On the other hand, the slaves upon the plantation of M. Gallifet had been so kindly treated that their happiness was proverbial. But the sanguinary scene of the insurrection upon that plantation is not less so. "So much for happy negroes and contented slaves!" bitterly exclaims a mulatto author describing the revolt.

Why should we thrust our heads into the sand? The Government of the United States neither desires nor incites slave insurrections. But it is engaged in war with an enemy who inhabit a region overflowing with slaves. Is the Government to surrender lest they should rise? Is it necessary to repeat, then, what all candid men know, that the party which brought this Administration into power have always held, in common with all loyal citizens of the land, that every political difference in this country, however vital to the interest of any part of it, is soluble *under* the Constitution. The secessionists think differently. They mean, if they can, to settle the question *over* the Constitution. They live among slaves, and have taken up arms. The rebellion of the slaves is the natural consequence. If they *do* rebel, how long is the insurrection of the masters likely to last?

BOURBON POLITICS.

THE Breckinridge State Committee is of the opinion of the Newark *Evening Journal*, that "our enemies are fighting for their liberties." The liberty, namely, of breaking up the Government of the United States. The same Committee has also expelled a member upon the express ground that he is loyal to the Government of his country.

Fortunately the people of the State of New York are not the property of Mr. Gideon Tucker's Committee, nor yet of Mr. Dean Richmond's Committee. They are probably of the opinion, and will make the fact appear in November, that the Government of the people of the United States, when it is maintaining its constitutional authority by the hands and hearts and money of all loyal citizens, is properly "coercing" rebels to obey the laws. The people of this State will probably "resolve" next November, in reply to Mr. Tucker, and Mr. Cagger, and Mr. Richmond, and Mr. Ben. Wood, and Mr. Jeff Davis, and Mr. Breckinridge, and Mr. Floyd, and Mr. Claiborne F. Jackson, not forgetting Mr. Vallandigham, something substantially like this:

Resolved, The Right Reverend Major-General Leonidas Polk to the contrary notwithstanding, that the primary and unqualified political allegiance of every citizen of the United States is to the National Government, and not to the Government of the State in which he may be born or chance to reside; and that the doctrine of secession, or the right of any citizen, or any number of citizens, forcibly to resist the National Government, or to seize the national property, under the plea of State sovereignty—a doctrine which is maintained with arms by Mr. Jefferson Davis, and Mr. Toombs, and General Toutant de Beauregard; and is equally maintained, with excuses and sympathy and deprecations, and by all means short of arms, by Mr. Breckinridge, and Mr. Ben Wood, and Mr. Tucker, and Mr. Cagger, and Mr. Richmond, and Mr. Vallandigham, and Company—is a doctrine subversive of all civil order; having no foundation or justification in the Constitution, and utterly at variance with the facts of history, with the traditions of the nation, and with the dictates of common sense.

When the people of the Empire State thunder that out hundreds of thousands strong, the worthy gentlemen who think the only way to deal with thieves is to ask them what else they will be pleased to take, will have no other consolation left than what may be gathered from the judicious observation in Mr. Dean Richmond's letter of the 8th August: "It is of little importance what men or what party occupy public positions, if of honor and emolument, but of the utmost moment that citizens of common principles should unite at this time in support of the Government and in vindication of the Constitution and Union."

There is but one principle common to loyal citizens at this time, and that is, that the Government *can not* be supported by saying to citizens in arms, "If you will only tell us what you want, you shall have it."

PATRIOTS.

PAUL DILLINGHAM, of Waterbury, in Vermont, was recently nominated by a Democratic State Convention for Governor, and James T. Thurston and Stephen Thomas for Lieutenant Governor and Treasurer of Vermont. They have all declined the nomination, upon the sole ground that at this time there can be but two parties, one for maintaining the Government unconditionally, and the other for overthrowing it.

"We must for the time," says Mr. Dillingham, "forget whether we be Republicans or Democrats. In such a union there will be strength and efficiency, and if we differ hereafter, let it be to settle the question who did most for his country. Let us act together, act honestly, efficiently, and let him wear honors who fairly wins them. I feel very confident that a great number—I hope a majority—of all the old parties in this State feel and judge as I do, and that they will rise above party as such and stand for their country, one and indivisible, now and forever. With such I mean to act, whether their number be few or many, till this most wicked rebellion is crushed out; and wishing that my opinions and acts may be in harmony, I have felt called upon to decline the nomination so honorably tendered to me."

The other gentlemen say: "In reply we have to say that we are of the opinion that, until the present rebellion and treason shall be overcome, it is the duty of every true and loyal citizen to sustain the spirit and strengthen the arm of his country by every means in his power; that party names and differences should be entirely laid aside, and not be permitted to divide loyal citizens or deter any man from yielding a full and enthusiastic support to the men and measures upon which we must rely for the victory of the Government and the Constitution over Disunion."

To these sentiments every loyal heart in the land, Democratic, Republican, or whatever, will cry amen. This is the Democracy of the Green Mountains, and it is pure patriotism. How does it compare with the "Democracy" of Mr. Dean Richmond's letter and the Breckinridge Committee's resolutions?

THE POINT OF THE CASE.

THERE is no question whatsoever of the unanimous desire and of the sufficient pecuniary and military resources of the loyal citizens of the country to suppress the rebellion. The only question of the moment is, whether the Administration is so deeply persuaded and so ably officered that it will respond to this unanimous popular energy and resource. If it does not, the cause is lost. The moment that the willing people see that the feeling, the money, the men, the general sacrifice they offer is feebly grasped and foolishly managed, that moment they will insist upon giving up the war, whatever the consequences.

It is of no importance how you describe this war; you may call it suppressing an insurrection, or punishing rebels, or maintaining the Government, or defending the Constitution; the fact remains the same all the while, that we are at war with a domestic enemy intrenched upon our soil and dangerously fortified by a thousand advantages that no foreign foe could ever possess. Consequently it is not war only, but war of the most desperate kind. It has been actually waged by the enemy for nine months. It has been nominally recognized by the Government for four. But no one would be so hardy as to declare that the Administration had at any time so profoundly comprehended the occasion as the great mass of the people.

The open freedom of intercourse across our lines—the reluctance to accept regiments—the free publication of details of movements—the crowd of notorious traitors who held office in the Departments and elsewhere—the inexplicable imbecility of the blockade—the universal complaint of the troops—the abominable Lobbying—the public service of Adams's Express into the disaffected section—these are all wrongs that ought to have been righted long and long ago. Many of them, indeed, are supposed to be in process of correction. But surely a Government never before moved so slowly and sadly in defense of its own existence. The one great difficulty seemed to be an unwillingness to believe that there was a war, and to remember that effective war can be made in one way only. The sole remedy for the delays and just complaints is to make it in that way.

And to that end the Departments must be in the hands of men known not only as honest men and warm partisans, but as executive officers of the most untiring and comprehensive energy and practical skill. The right man in the right place is an army. Now it is a simple fact that there is a universal public conviction that two or three important members of the present Cabinet are not armies. The practical question therefore is, whether, with the present composition of the Cabinet, it is long possible to maintain that unity and ardor of public sentiment without which success is impossible?

EXCHANGING PRISONERS.

What shall be done with the citizens of the United States taken in arms against the Government? This question does not concern pirates upon privateers. If the gallows is not permanently visible over them to the whole world, the whole world will presently furnish pirates as candidates for our clemency. If the *Jeff Davis* or the *Sumter* should be taken, there could be very little difference of opinion as to the proper fate of the crews upon conviction. If there were, it would show a state of the public mind which foreboded the surrender of the Government to the rebels.

But is the exchange of rebels taken in battle a recognition of the independence of the rebellious section of the country? The question may be answered by another. Is the ransom of a friend from robbers a recognition of the right of robbery?

Theoretically the Government of the United States is suppressing an insurrection: actually it is engaged in war. Theoretically it is dispersing an armed mob: actually it is fighting an organized enemy. The Government must, therefore, suppress the insurrection according to the rules of war. To read the riot act is not enough. The affair has passed from the hands of the Sheriff into those of the Major-General. The Government must deal with the facts, and it does so when it receives a flag of truce. Police officers surrounding a house do not receive any flag of truce. They say, "Surrender at once, whatever the circumstances; whether you have one of our number in the house or not: surrender at once, or we shoot." That is the way with the police. That is the way in putting down a street riot. The authorities do not treat with the ringleaders. They summon, and if no dispersion follows, they shoot.

The English Government held the Colonies to be in rebellion and the Continental soldiers rebels, but they did not hang all the prisoners they took. They exchanged them; but they did not consider them any the less rebels. They did it upon the principle that a humane man buys a slave in order to free him. He does not think any better of slavery or the slave-trader because he deals with him as he would with an honest man for lawful merchandise: nor does he in the least remit his exertions against slavery.

There is a solution suggested by the Toronto *Globe*. It is, that all rebel prisoners shall be held until the close of the war. But that is a question of feasibility. Such action must depend upon numbers. For the present, certainly, they should be held. For the present and until the war threatens to be more permanent than it now promises to be, it would be better not to exchange. But the policy of exchanging is merely a matter of convenience. It involves no principle.

CHAFING.

Why is the opportunity of making capital for treason afforded in the case of the *habeas corpus* of the Baltimore prisoners at Fort Diamond? The case may be settled before the question gets into print, but it is useful to ask it for future cases.

The Constitution of the United States says distinctly: "The privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* shall not be suspended, unless when in cases of rebellion or invasion the public safety may require it."

This being precisely that case, why is it not made manifest to Judge Garrison that what Judge Taney could not do in Baltimore, Judge Garrison can not do in New York? If the Government has not suspended the writ, the prisoners should be produced. If it has, the Judge who forcibly resists the Government and foments trouble should be himself dealt with as an offender.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The following contribution from South Carolina reached us by way of California, and for the present our postal communication with that State will be by the same, or some equally convenient route: "The session of 1855, at the South Carolina Medical College, was passing away without any thing to distinguish it from its predecessors, except, perhaps, a scarcity of *materiel* for the dissecting room. To remedy the deficiency several prominent spirits of the college put themselves on the alert in the vicinage of the various burial-grounds, but for some time with poor success, as interments were few, and those too well guarded to allow of exhumation. Fortune smiled at last; and one dark night the writer, with several others, succeeded in exhuming the body of an individual who had died of delirium tremens. Being the corpse of a stranger and a drunkard it was accomplished without opposition, and we proceeded to refill the grave. At this moment a signal from one of our watchers notified us that persons were approaching, and operations were suspended, all observing the strictest silence and lying motionless on the ground waiting for the signal to begin again. At this moment, one of the party electrified us by saying, in his deepest tones, 'Isn't it melancholy to see so many fine young men *filling a drunkard's grave!*'"

A Conundrum.—Why do the young ladies look so much at the moon? Because they think there is a man in it.

An Irishman, referring to the sudden death of a relative, was asked if he lived high. "Well, I can't say as he did," said Terence, "but he died high—he was suspended."

A negro, on being examined, was asked if his master was a Christian. "No, Sir; he is a Member of Congress," was the reply.

Misery no doubt loves company, but when a young lady has her lover's company 'tis no sure sign that she is miserable.

To all men the best friend is virtue; the best companions are high endeavors and honorable sentiments.

"I say, Bob, you have been to Canton, haven't you?" "Yes." "Well, can you speak China?" "Yes, a little—that is, I speak *broken* China."

A speaker at a stump meeting declared that he knew no East, no West, no North, no South. "Then," said a bystander, "you ought to go to school and learn your geography."

There is no such thing as an easy chair for a discontented man.

The Wheel of Fortune.—It must have belonged originally to an omnibus, for it is continually "taking up" and "putting down" people.

"You want *nothing*, do you?" said Pat. "Bedad, an' if it's nothing you want, you'll find it in the jug where the whisky was."

The miser lives poor to die rich, and is the jailer of his own house and the turnkey of his wealth.

If you are too fat and would like to fall off, mount a vicious horse.

You can not preserve happy domestic pairs in family jars.

A man often expresses the same idea by wagging his head that a dog does by wagging his tail.

A man may very well afford to have gray hairs, when a wife is getting too blind to distinguish them.

A recent philosopher discovers a method to avoid being dunned! "How?—how?—how?" every body asks. *Never run in debt.*

Which is the best way of *retaining* a woman's affections?—By not *returning* them.

We should use our cunning as we do our courage—always have it ready to defend ourselves, never to offend others.

If you are looking at a picture, you try to give it the advantage of a good light. Be as courteous to your fellow-creatures as you are to a picture.

In the game of life men most frequently play the knave, and women the deuce.

Why is life the riddle of riddles? Because we must all give it up.

A hungry man no doubt wishes himself a horse when he hasn't for a long time had a bit in his mouth.

Every man complains of his memory, but no man complains of his judgment.

Any merchant may make his house a *custom-house* by attention to its *duties*.

Why is a selfish friend like the letter P? Because, though the first in pity, he is the last in help?

Tradesmen often lose their custom as field-sportsmen do their fingers—by high charges.

An artist is not so strong as a horse, but he can draw a larger object.

When you dispute with a fool, he is very certain to be similarly employed.

A man's want of conversation generally arises from his supposing that his mind is like Fortunatus's purse, and will always furnish him without his putting any thing into it.

"Were you ever cross-questioned?" "Yes, when questioned by my wife, after spending the evening abroad—cross enough, in all conscience."

Though men boast of holding the reins, the women generally tell them which way they must drive.

The sense that men can least afford to dispense with is the sense of shame.

Probably the men who can boast the possession of the most varied and numerous gifts are the beggars.

The newest definition of "hard times" is sitting on a grindstone and reading a politician's speech.

Speak low, ladies, and yet always endeavor to be high-toned women.

What is that which every man can divide, but no one can see where it has been divided? Water.

Matrimonial history is a narrative of many *words*, but the story of love may be told in a few *letters*.

Kisses between Women.—Quilp says, when he sees kisses between women it reminds him of two handsome unmatched gloves—charming things with their proper mates, but good for nothing *that way!*

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

PROCLAMATION BY THE PRESIDENT.

Washington, *August* 16, 1861.

By the President of the United States of America.

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, on the fifteenth day of April, the President of the United States, in view of an insurrection against the laws, Constitution, and the Government of the United States, which had broken out within the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas, and in pursuance of the provisions of the act entitled an act to provide for calling forth the militia to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections and repel invasions, and to repeal the act now in force for that purpose, approved February 28, 1795, did call forth the militia to suppress said insurrection and cause the laws of the Union to be duly executed, and the insurgents have failed to disperse by the time directed by the President;

And whereas, such insurrection has since broken out and yet exists within the States of Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Arkansas; and whereas, the insurgents in all the said States claim to act under authority thereof, and such claim is not disclaimed or repudiated by the person exercising the functions of government in such State or States, or in part or parts thereof, in which combinations exist, nor has such insurrection been suppressed by said States;

Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, in pursuance of an act of Congress, passed July 13, 1861, do hereby declare that the inhabitants of the said States of Georgia, South Carolina, Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Alabama, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Florida (except the inhabitants of that part of the State of Virginia lying west of the Alleghany Mountains, and of such other parts of that State, and the other States herein before named, as may maintain a loyal adhesion to the Union and the Constitution, or may be from time to time occupied and controlled by the forces engaged in the dispersion of said insurgents) are in a state of insurrection against the United States, and that all commercial intercourse between the same and the inhabitants thereof, with the exceptions aforesaid, and the citizens of other States and other parts of the United States is unlawful, and will remain unlawful until such insurrection shall cease or has been suppressed; that all goods and chattels, wares and merchandise, coming from any of said States, with the exceptions aforesaid, into other parts of the United States, without the special license and permission of the President, through the Secretary of the Treasury, or proceeding to any of said States, with the exceptions aforesaid, by land or water, together with the vessel or vehicle conveying the same, or conveying persons to or from said States, with said exceptions, will be forfeited to the United States; and that from and after fifteen days from the issuing of this proclamation all ships and vessels belonging in whole or in part to any citizen or inhabitant of any of said States, with said exceptions, found at sea or in any port of the United States, will be forfeited to the United States.

And I hereby enjoin upon all District Attorneys, Marshals, and officers of the revenue, and of the military and naval forces of the United States, to be vigilant in the execution of said act, and in the enforcement of the penalties and forfeitures imposed or declared by it, leaving any party who may think himself aggrieved thereby to his application to the Secretary of the Treasury for the remission of any penalty, or for forfeiture, which the said Secretary is authorized by law to grant, if, in his judgment, the special circumstances of any case shall require such remission.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done in the city of Washington, this 16th day of August in the year of our Lord 1861, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-sixth.

Abraham Lincoln.

By the President—
Wm. H. Seward, Secretary of State.

A CALL FOR MORE TROOPS.

The following important order has been issued by the War Department:

War Department,
Washington, *August* 19, 1861.

All commanders of regiments of volunteers accepted by this Department in the States of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Vermont, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, Maine, and Michigan will take notice of and conform promptly to the general order this day directed to the Governors of the States above named, which is as follows:

To the Governor of the State of ——:

By direction of the President of the United States, you are urgently requested to forward or cause to be forwarded immediately to the city of Washington all volunteer regiments, or parts of regiments, at the expense of the United States Government, that may be now enrolled within your State, whether under immediate control or by acceptances issued direct from the War Department, whether such volunteers are armed, equipped, or uniformed or not.

The officer of each regimental organization that may not be full shall leave recruiting-officers at their several rendezvous, and adopt such other measures as may be necessary to fill up their ranks at the earliest date possible.

All officers of volunteer regiments on arrival will report to the Commanding General, who will provide equipments and other supplies necessary for their comfort.

To insure the movement of troops more rapidly than might otherwise be done, you will please confer with and aid all officers of independent regiments in such manner as may be necessary to effect the object in view. All clothing belonging to or contracted for the several regiments shall be forwarded to Washington for their use, detailed reports of which shall be made to the Commanding General. Simon Cameron, Secretary of War.

POSITION OF THE REBEL ARMY.

An observation made from the dome of the seminary at Alexandria last week resulted in the discovery that a large body of rebels was marching down the Leesburg turnpike, within three miles of the Union lines.

From information received in Washington it would appear that the rebels have fallen back to Fairfax Court House, although their pickets still occupy a more advanced position. Some of them are in sight of the Chain Bridge, and it is said that two rebel regiments are at Falls Church.

BATTERIES ON THE POTOMAC.

The Potomac squadron continues from time to time to provoke attacks from the concealed batteries in and around Acquia Creek. The steamer *Resolute* was sent to Matthias Point for the purpose of reconnoitering, on Thursday afternoon. Seeing a boat filled with barrels a little below the Point, the *Resolute* sent a boat with a crew of six men to take possession of it, but a volley of musketry was opened upon her from the woods adjacent, and three of the crew were killed and one wounded. With great difficulty the unharmed men brought back the boat to the *Resolute*. The steamer opened a fire of canister and shell into the houses, which probably did some damage. The *Reliance* came up at the same time and joined in the fire. The rebels were seen to fly from their ambuscade in small parties.

On Friday night, near Acquia Creek, the *Pocahontas* was fired upon, though without doing her any damage, and it is said was obliged to retire in consequence of her inability to make any effective return of the fire. These batteries should be dislodged, or the navigation of the lower Potomac will soon be obstructed.

THE NATIONAL LOAN TAKEN.

Several meetings of the Bank officers, to take measures concerning the National loan, were held last week at the American Exchange Bank, when a plan was adopted. The chief point in the plan was an agreement by the banks of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia to take $50,000,000 of 7 3-10 Treasury Notes at par immediately, with the privilege of taking the like amount on the 15th of October and the 15th of December.

THE PASSPORT SYSTEM.

An order has been issued from the State Department directing that, until further notice, no person shall be allowed to leave a port of the United States without a passport from the Department, or one countersigned by the Secretary of State. No person shall be allowed to land here without a passport from his Government, if a foreigner, the same to be countersigned by a Minister or Consul of the United States; if a citizen, he must have a passport from such Minister or Consul.

DOINGS OF THE PIRATE "SUMTER."

The rebel privateer *Sumter* arrived at Curacoa on the 17th of July, but her flag not being recognized at the fort there, she was not permitted to enter; but upon Lieutenant Semmes, her commander, sending a boat ashore and representing her position to the Governor as a war vessel of the Confederate States, he was permitted to enter and refit. She went to sea on the 24th ult., steering to the eastward. There were one hundred and fifty men on the *Sumter*. The vessel took no provision on board at Curacoa, one of the officers stating that they had taken enough out of one of the last prizes to keep the crew for some weeks. She was armed with four thirty-two and two sixty-four pounders. Those officers who had been in the United States Navy wore their old uniforms, with the United States Navy button. The general feeling among the merchants at the port was against admitting the privateer. There was a Dutch man-of-war in the harbor, and the officers refused to associate with the officers of the privateer, and went on shore without their uniforms while the *Sumter* was in the harbor. Later dates report her capture by a United States frigate.

MUTINY SUPPRESSED IN THE CAMP.

A difficulty occurred last week with the Seventy-ninth New York Highland Regiment at Washington, and was settled by the prompt, energetic, and soldierly action of General M'Clellan. The leading disaffected soldiers have been put in irons, and are in confinement. A court-martial has been ordered to try them for insubordination in refusing to march into Virginia when ordered. Upon learning of the mutiny General M'Clellan ordered the Provost-Marshal, Colonel Porter, to surround the Seventy-ninth with a force of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, which was promptly done. General M'Clellan then issued the following proclamation, which worked like a charm on the discontented members: "The General Commanding has heard with the deepest pain of the acts of insubordination on the part of the Seventy-ninth Regiment. Without attempting to enter into a discussion of the causes, it is sufficient to say that they are frivolous and groundless; that these acts have thrown disgrace upon the regiment and the service, and taking place at this time, they give rise to the strongest suspicions of the most abject cowardice. The regiment have forced upon the Commanding General an issue which he is prepared to meet. The men are ordered to lay down their arms and return to duty. All those refusing to do so will be fired upon immediately. If they comply with the order the ringleaders only will be punished. The colors of the regiment are taken from them, and will be returned only when their conduct in camp shall have proved that they understand the first duty of a soldier—obedience; and when, on the field of battle, they shall have proved their bravery. The names of the leaders in this revolt will be sent to the Governor of New York, to be placed in the archives of the State."

A RICH PRIZE.

A very important arrest of an agent of the rebels was made in this city last week. A passenger from Liverpool by the *Persia*, named Serrell, who, it appears, boasted while on the voyage that he was the bearer of a large sum of money for the use of the rebel government, was arrested by the United States Custom-house officers, on information received from the other passengers, and upon searching his baggage the sum of $200,000 in Bank of England notes was found therein. He was taken to the District Attorney's office, and admitted to bail in the sum of $40,000 to appear for examination.

ANOTHER TREASONABLE PAPER ABOLISHED.

Another Disunion paper in New England has received a severe blow at the hands of an irritated crowd. The Bangor *Democrat* was lately visited, its office destroyed, and the furniture of the establishment burned. One of the men connected with the paper was rudely treated, and finally locked in jail for safe keeping.

PERSONAL.

It appears that the capture of Mr. Nelson, member of Congress from Tennessee, was effected through the treachery of a man of whom, in Virginia, he inquired his way. He was taken by a party of forty horsemen.

Ex-Minister Faulkner is still in confinement at Washington, his examination having, apparently, not yet taken place.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

OUR TROUBLES IN PARLIAMENT.

Queen Victoria, in her Speech at the prorogation of Parliament, said the dissensions which arose some months ago in the United States have unfortunately assumed the character of open war. Her Majesty deeply lamenting this result, has determined, in common with the other Powers of Europe, to observe a strict neutrality between the contending parties.

On the last day of the session Lord Palmerston stated his views on the question of blockade. He said, in effect, if the blockading force should allow any one vessel to enter a blockaded port by the payment of duties, the blockade from that moment is raised. A belligerent may seal up a port, but if he lets one vessel in his right is gone. It follows, therefore, that when a Federal cruiser willingly allows a ship to pass a blockaded port upon payment of customs, the blockade will be at an end.

NEWS OF THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

News of the battle of Bull Run was received in England on Sunday, 4th of August.

It caused a profound sensation.

Northern Americans were much depressed, and the Southerners correspondingly elated. There was almost a collision in the Liverpool News Room.

Mr. Russell's letter to the London *Times* was confined to graphic details of the rout of the Northern Army. He calls it a cowardly rout, a miserable, causeless panic, and disgraceful to men in uniform not soldiers.

The London *Times* editorial says the victory was a complete one. The Union army lost all, even their military honor, and wishes it could find something in it to congratulate either victors or vanquished, but sees nothing but what must stimulate the evil passions of both combatants. The London *News* denounces the *Times'* criticism, but says nothing has happened which was not anticipated as possible. All journals think the event has closed the door of compromise, and must imbitter and prolong the struggle.

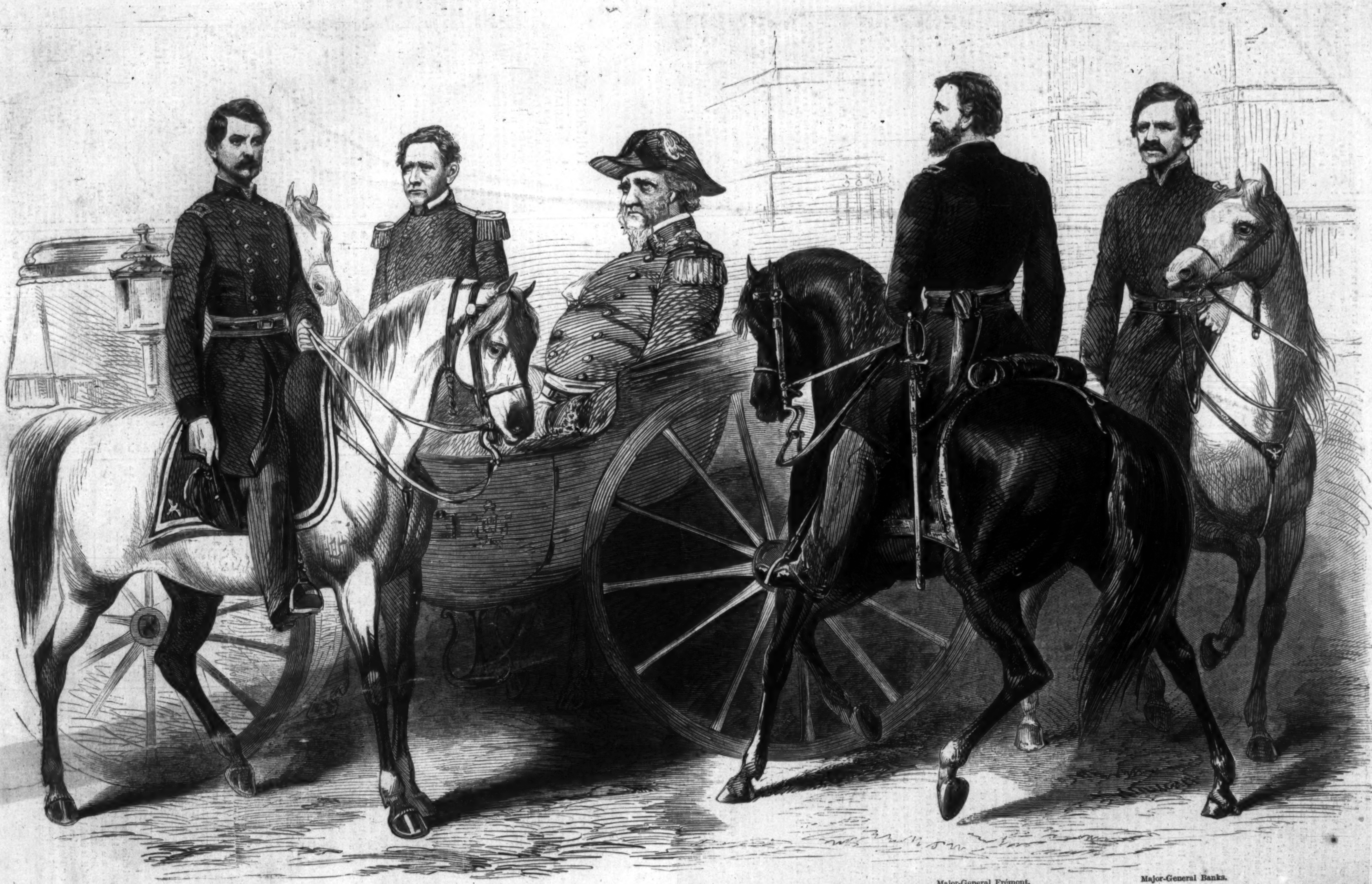
The London *Times* has another (a second) article, bitterly sarcastic, on the battle at Bull Run. It says there must rise a gathering doubt that the Southern nut is too hard to crack, and that the military line, as a matter of business, does not answer. The same article ridicules and laughs at the threats of a prominent New York journal against England's going into the ports. It fears the question of the blockade in America may involve England in some difficult complication. It remarks that there is a little cloud which, although only as large as a man's hand, may come to overshadow the whole sky.

An anonymous advertisement appears in the Liverpool *Post*, inviting a shilling subscription for a testimonial to General Beauregard in admiration of his skillful generalship.

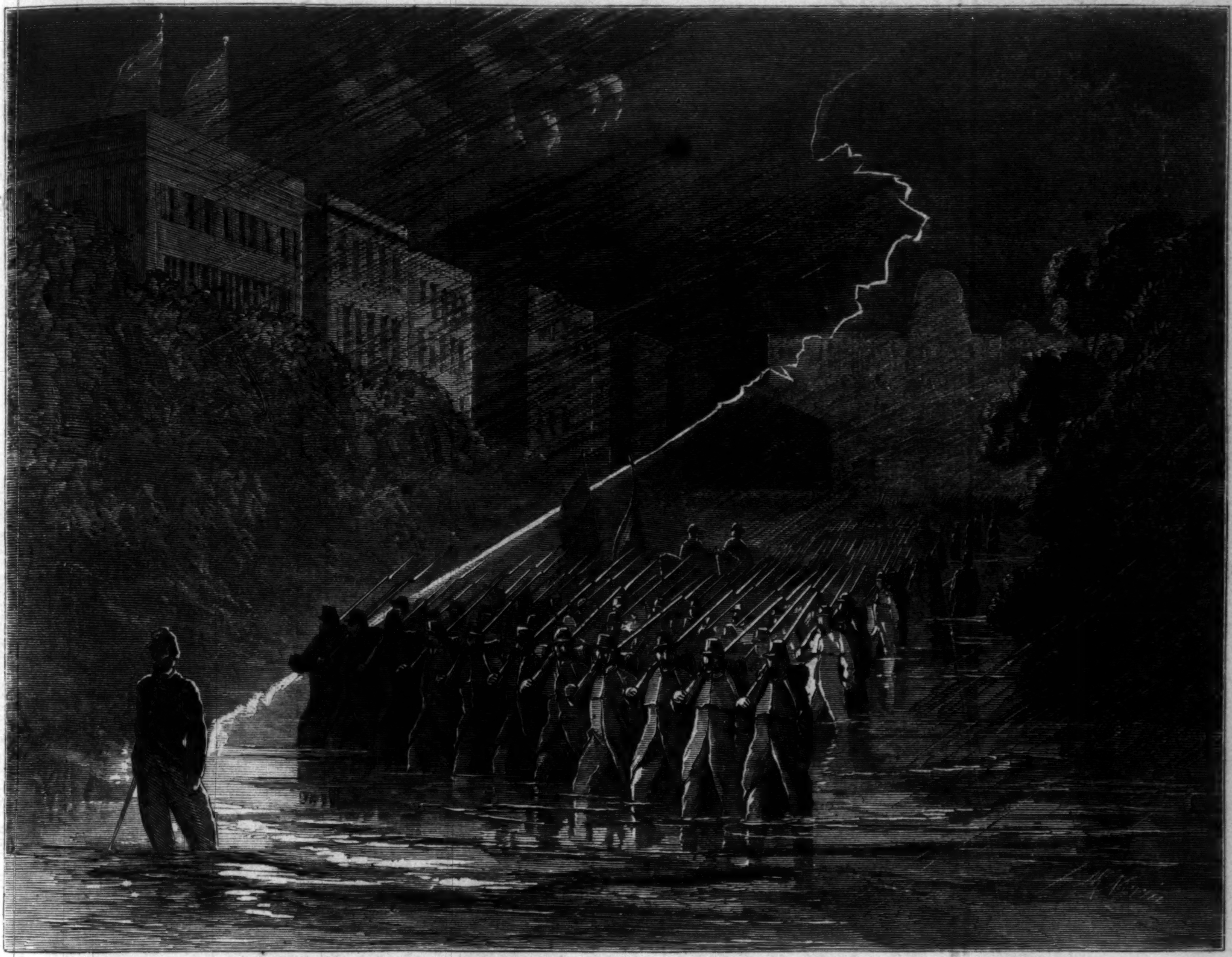
OPPOSITION TO A UNITED STATES LOAN.

In the House of Commons, on the 29th of July, Mr. Gregory asked whether the First Lord of the Treasury had received any information that goods contraband of war, among other things a battery of artillery, had been conveyed from this country to New York in the steamship *Kangaroo*, and that a loan for the United States Government had been offered upon the Stock Exchange? If so, was this in accordance with our principles of non-intervention?

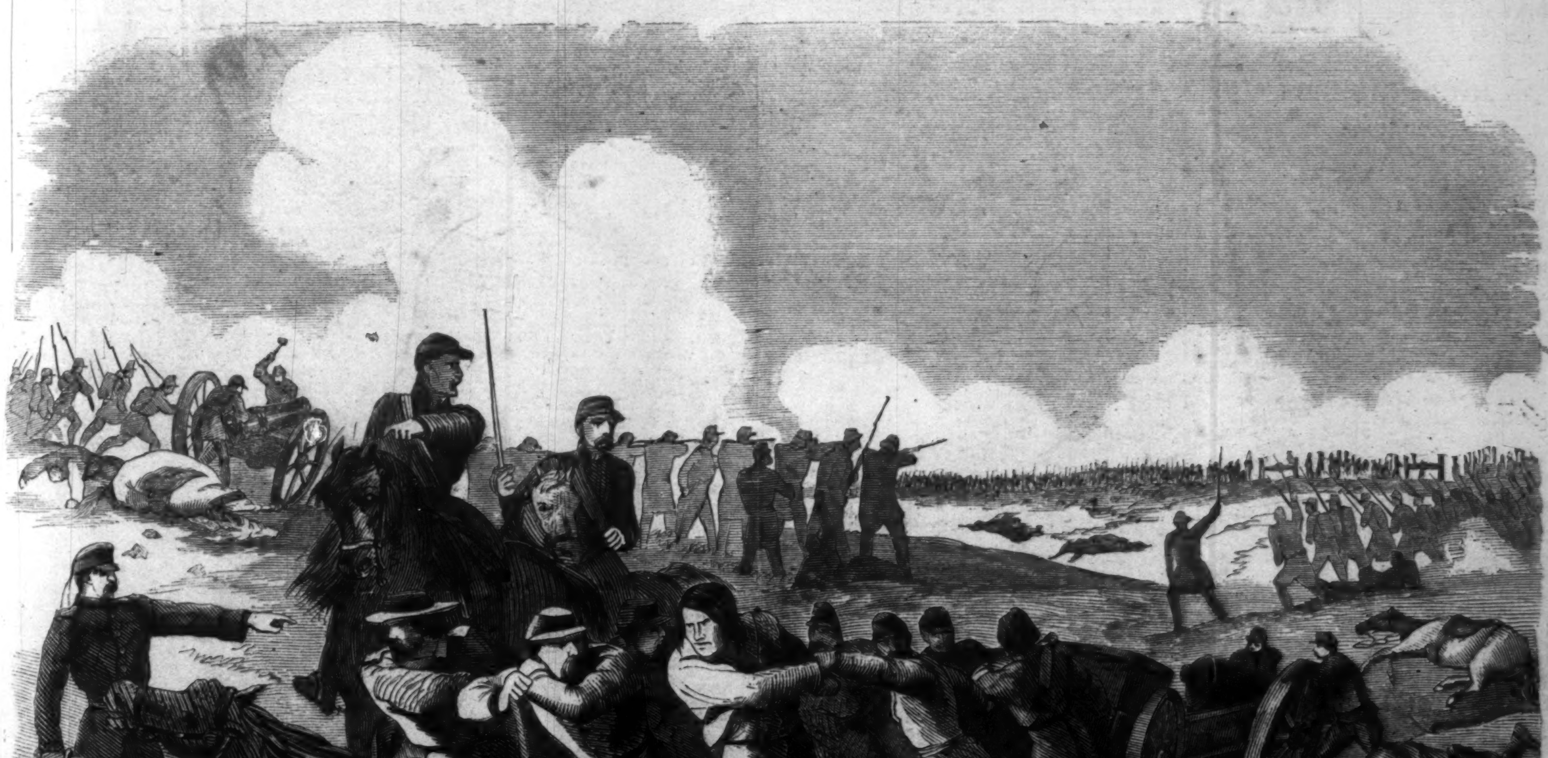
Lord Palmerston replied that he was not personally cognizant of the matters to which the honorable member referred, but that, should they arise, they would, of course, be dealt with by the Government.


Major General McClellan.
Major-General Dix.
Lieutenant-General Scott.
Major-General Frémont.
Major-General Banks.

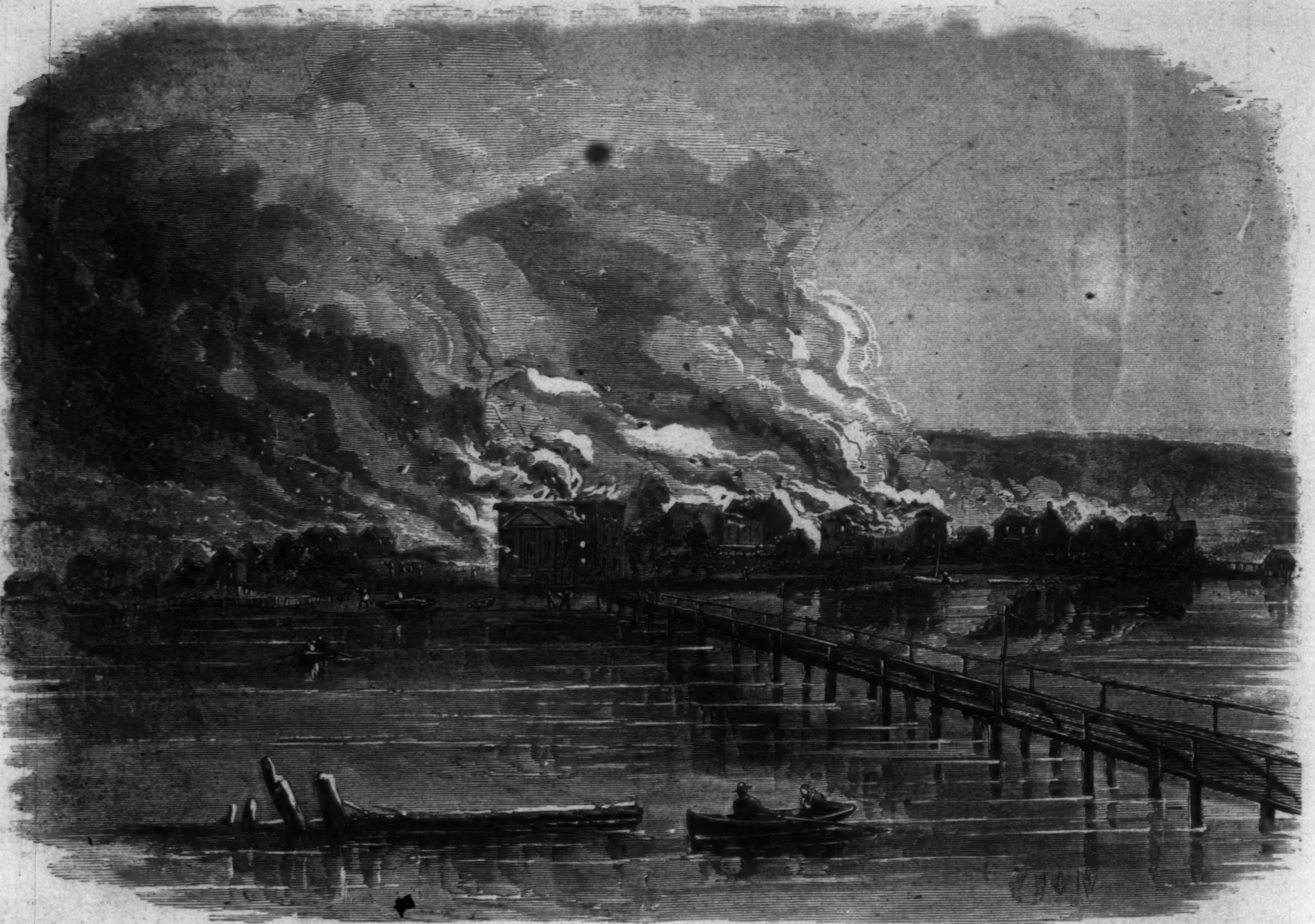
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SCOTT AND THE MAJOR-GENERALS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY.—[SEE PAGE 559.]



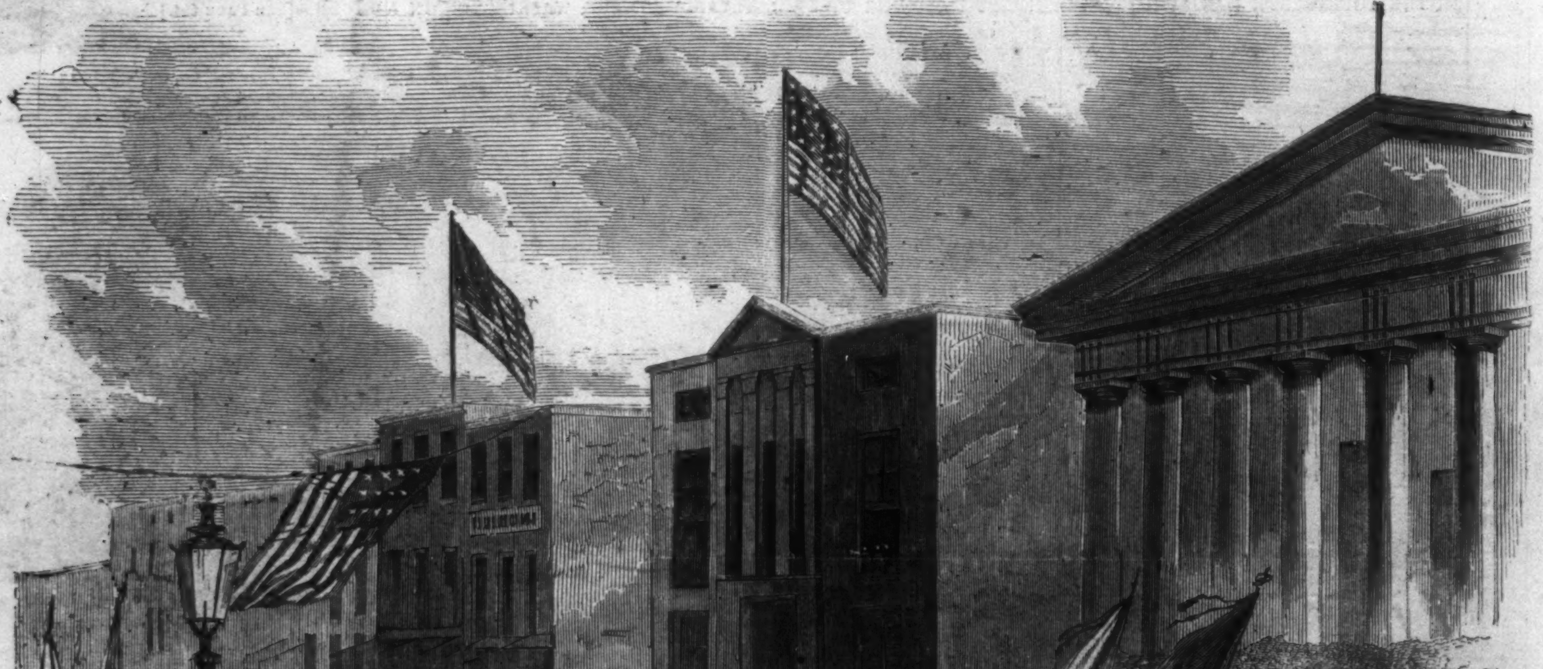
THE FOURTEENTH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT MARCHING UP PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, WASHINGTON, IN A STORM.—[SEE PAGE 554.]



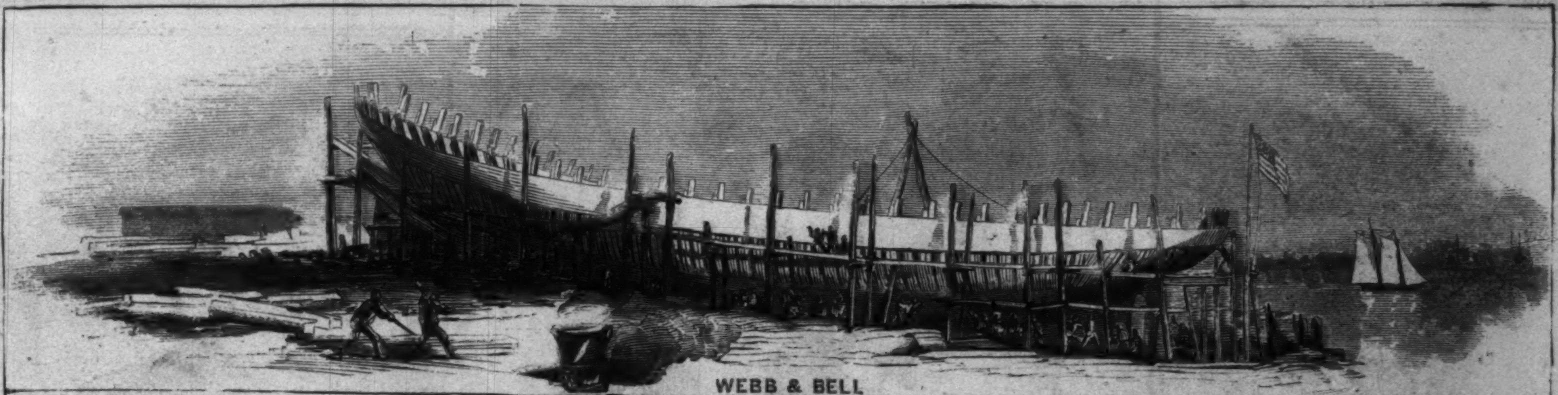
GENERAL SIEGEL FORCING HIS PRISONERS TO DRAW OFF HIS CANNON AT THE BATTLE OF SPRINGFIELD.—[SEE PAGE 546.]

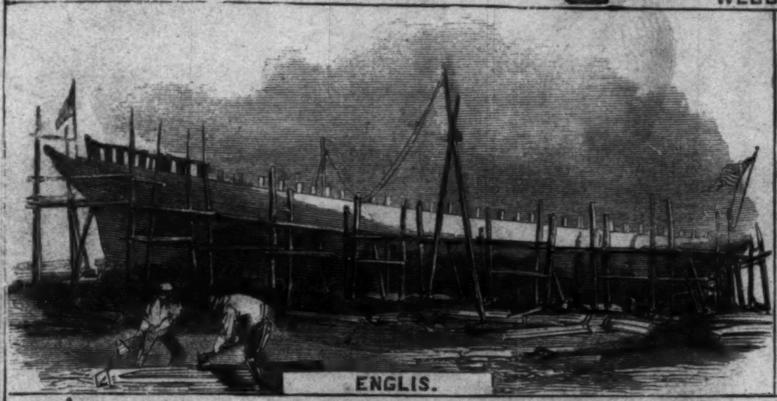


THE BURNING OF HAMPTON BY THE REBEL FORCES UNDER COLONEL MAGRUDER.—[See Page 554.]



REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA NATIONAL GUARD ON THEIR RETURN FROM THE WAR.—[See Page 554.]


WEBB & BELL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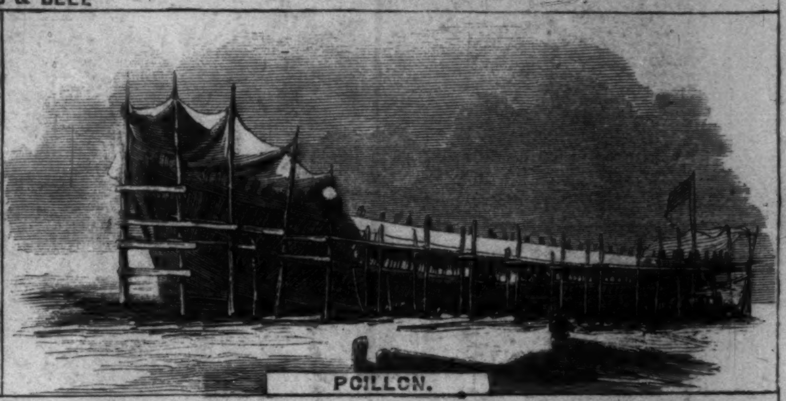
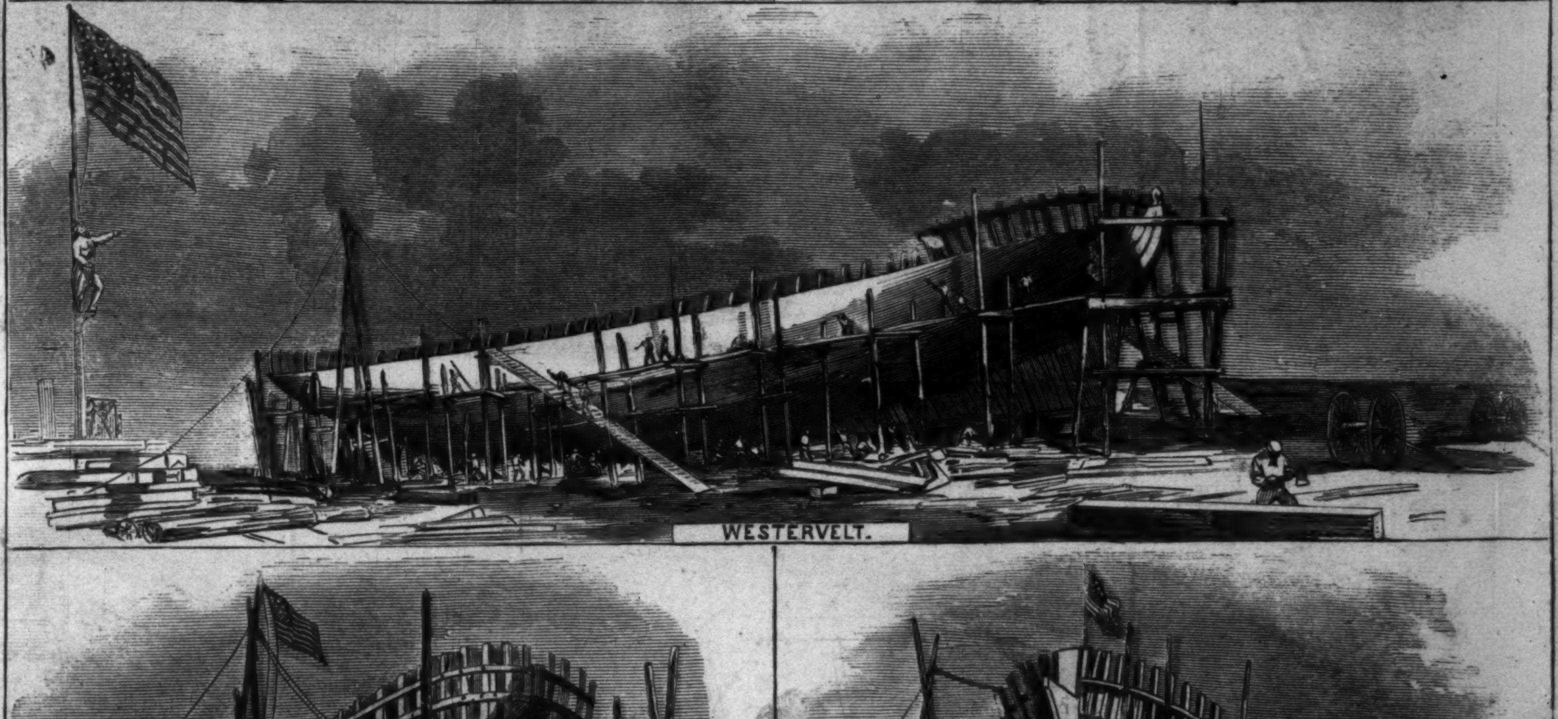
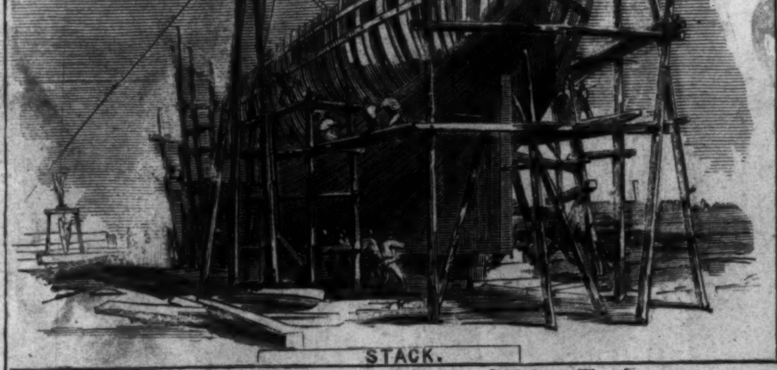
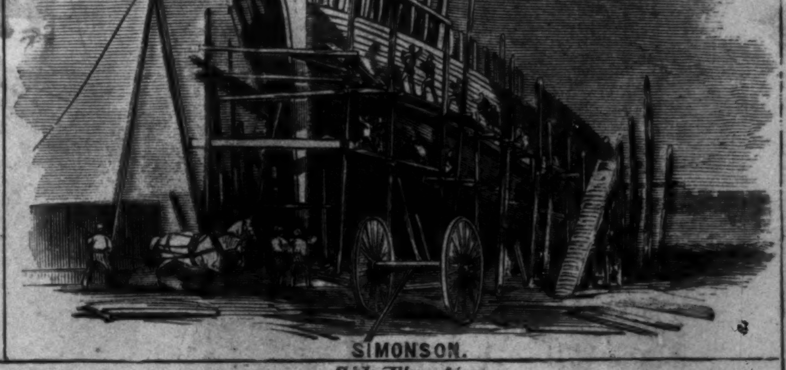

POILLON.

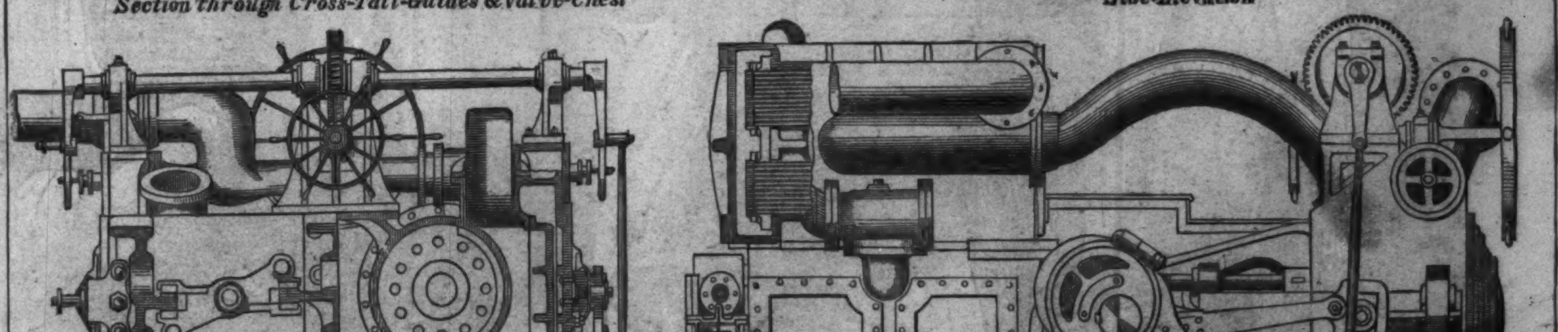

WESTERVELT.


STACK.

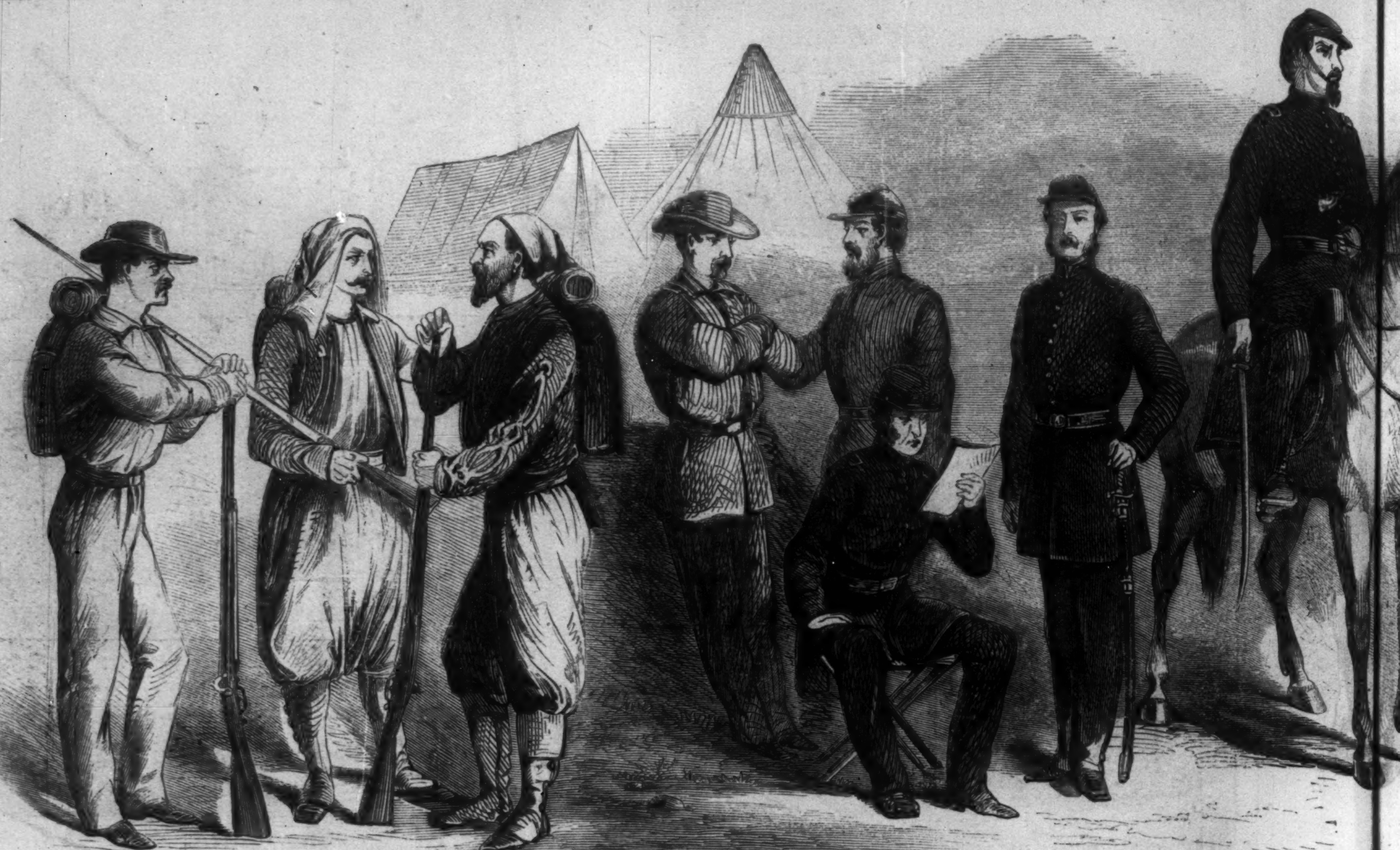

SIMONSON.

Section through Cross-Tail-Guides & Valve-Chest

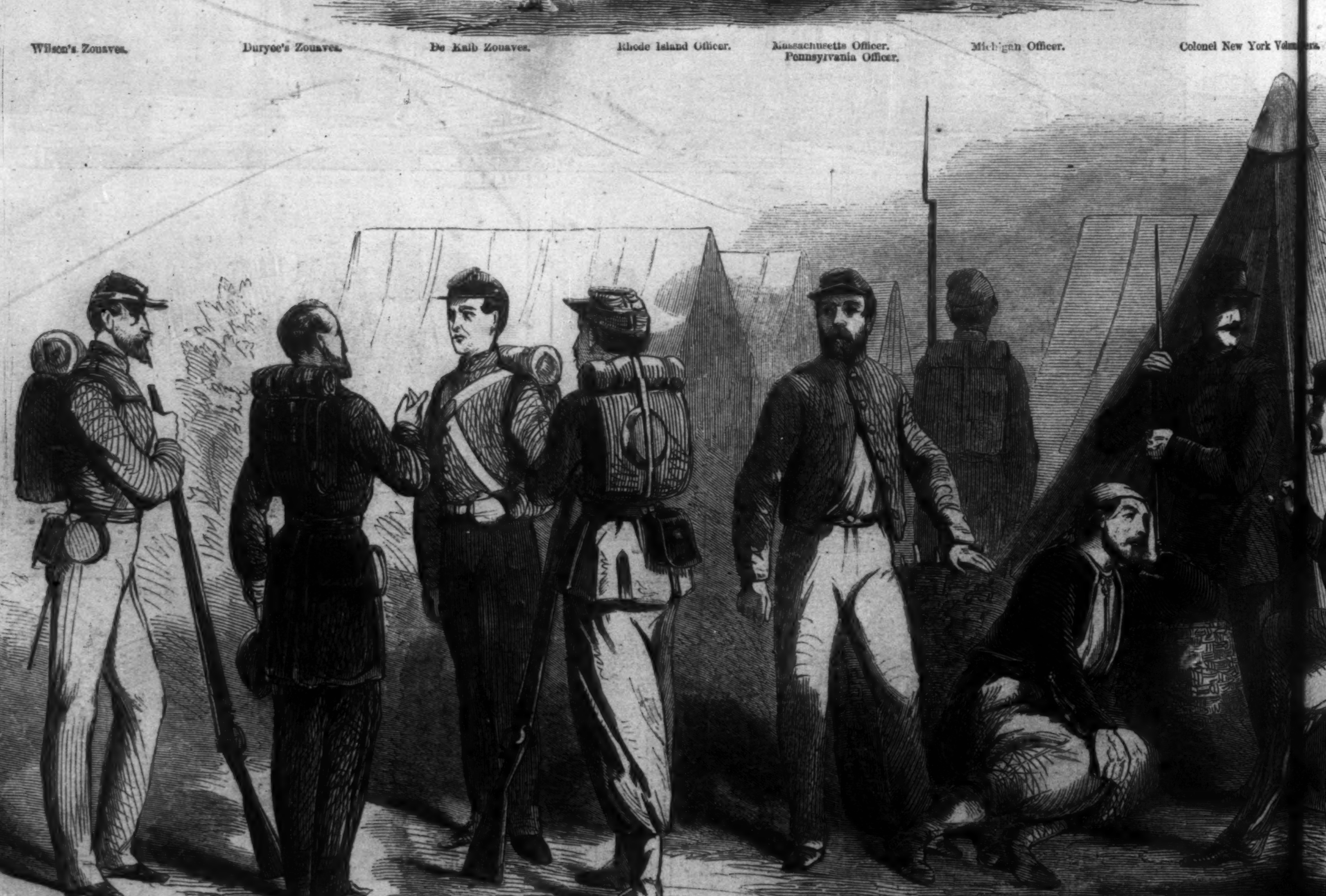
Side-Elevation


ENGINES "NOVELTY WORKS" NEW-YORK.

PRESENT CONDITION OF THE NEW GUN-BOATS AND MACHINERY IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION FOR THE GOVERNMENT BY NEW YORK BUILDERS.—[See Page 555.]

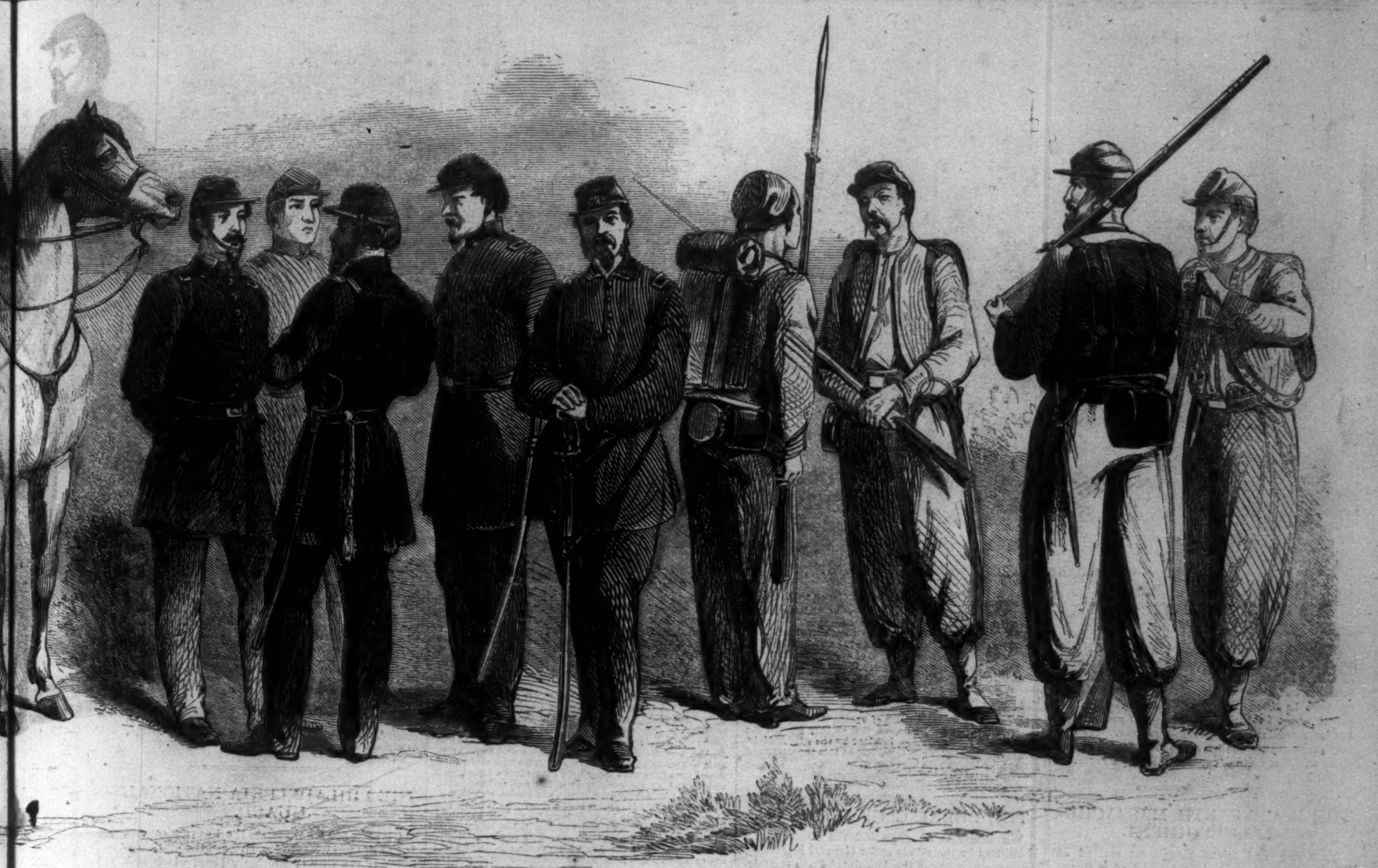


Wilson's Zouaves. Duryee's Zouaves. De Kalb Zouaves. Rhode Island Officer. Massachusetts Officer. Pennsylvania Officer. Michigan Officer. Colonel New York Volun

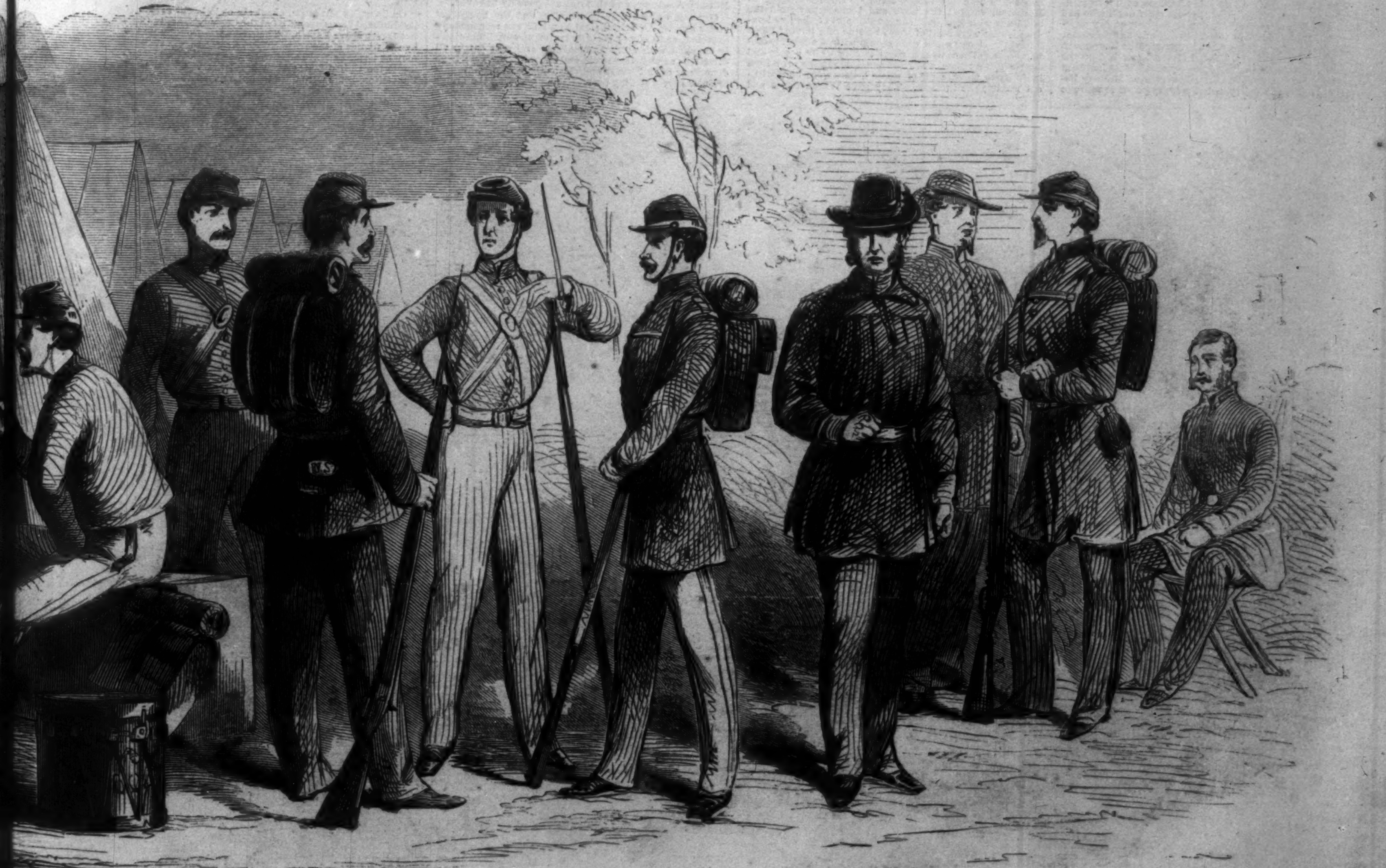


2d New York State Militia. 1st Michigan. 13th Brooklyn. 12th New York. Marine Artillery, R. I. New York 55th Zouave Corps. 1st Pennsylvania.

UNIFORMS OF UNITED STATES VOL

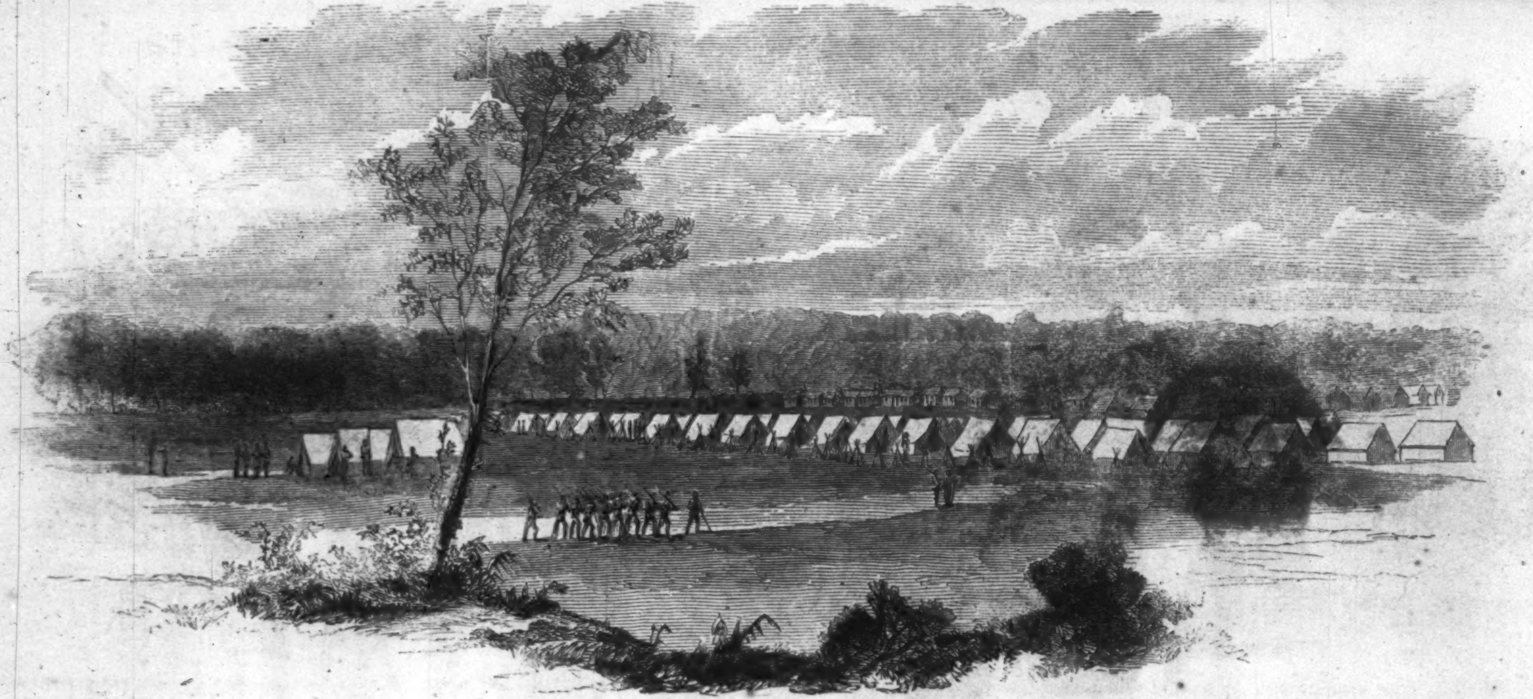


New Jersey Officer. New York Line Officer. Rhode Island Artillery Officer. Hawkins's Zouaves. M'Chesney's Zouaves. Fire Zouaves.



Massachusetts 6th. 8th Massachusetts. 71st New York. New Jersey State Militia. 1st Rhode Island. 5th New York German Rifles.

OLUNTEERS AND STATE MILITIA.



CAMP DENNISON, CINCINNATI, OHIO, EAST OF THE RAILROAD.—[Photographed by C. A. Johnson, Cincinnati.]

NEWPORT BARRACKS, KENTUCKY.

We publish on this page an engraving of Newport Barracks, Kentucky, the Head-quarters of General (late Major) Robert Anderson, U.S.A., and the rendezvous of part of the Kentucky Union troops. In these barracks Colonel Tyler, whose recent arrest in Cincinnati has been mentioned, has been confined as a prisoner of war. As the war progresses, these barracks will doubtless become a military site of considerable importance.

THE FOURTEENTH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT.

This new and splendid regiment arrived at Washington last week, in the midst of a storm. We illustrate the scene on page 549. The *Herald* correspondent described it as follows:

The city was favored late this afternoon with a tremendous rain storm, which afforded great relief to all who had been suffering from the heat during the hottest day experienced here for eighteen years. In the midst of the storm, when the rain was pouring down in torrents, the Fourteenth Massachusetts Regiment, Colonel Devens, marched up the Avenue, en route for their camping-ground. They had been quartered since last night at the Government Military Reception House, at the dépôt, but were required to move to make room for new arrivals. Their splendid horses and wagons had preceded them, and the men marched steadily through the driving storm, sometimes for squares through water two feet deep. Their songs, cheers, and shouts mingled with the roll of the thunder, and the vivid flashes of lightning gleamed along their line of muskets and revealed their forms in the gloom of night. It was a spirit-stirring scene. The steadiness of the regiment under the circumstances shows both good discipline and good grit in the material of which it is composed. Their songs, which the whole regiment seemed to participate in, heard above the loud thunder and terrible rush of waters, startled the people from their houses, who, as soon as they learned the cause of the demonstration, inspired by the patriotism of the gallant Massachusetts boys, rushed into the street and greeted the troops with loud cheers.

THE BURNING OF HAMPTON.

We illustrate on page 550 the Burning of Hampton by the rebels under General Magruder. The correspondent of the Associated Press thus describes the scene:

A few minutes past midnight General Magruder, with about five hundred rebels, some of them belonging in Hampton, entered the town and immediately fired the buildings with torches. The greater part of the five hundred houses were built of wood, and no rain having fallen lately, the strong south wind soon produced a terrible conflagration. There were perhaps twenty white people and double that number of negroes remaining in the town from inability to move, some of whose houses were fired without waking the inmates. They gave Wilson Jones and his wife, both of them aged and infirm, but fifteen minutes to remove a few articles of furniture to the garden. Several of the whites and also of the negroes were hurried away to be pressed into the rebel service. Mr. Scofield, a merchant, took refuge in a swamp above the town. Two negroes were drowned while attempting to cross the creek. A company of rebels attempted to force the passage of the bridge, but were repulsed with a loss of three killed and six wounded.

The fire raged all night. The greater part of the rebels withdrew toward morning, and at noon to-day, when I visited the place, but seven or eight buildings were left standing.

The glare of the conflagration was so brilliant that I was enabled to write by it. A more sublime and awful spectacle has never yet been witnessed. The high south wind prevailing at the time fanned the flames into a lurid blaze, and lighted up the country for miles and miles around. The fire broke out between eleven and twelve o'clock P.M. on the 7th inst. It appears that a short time previous our pickets from Colonel Max Weber's Twentieth Regiment were fired upon by a company of rebels, but by dropping on their faces our troops did not sustain any loss. They, however, returned the fire with deadly aim from their trusty rifles, which must have made sad havoc among the enemy. We could see the rebels passing from one house to another, by the glare of the light, and use the incendiary's torch with effect. Every building in this once beautiful village is destroyed, with the exception of the Military Academy, and that can not possibly be saved.

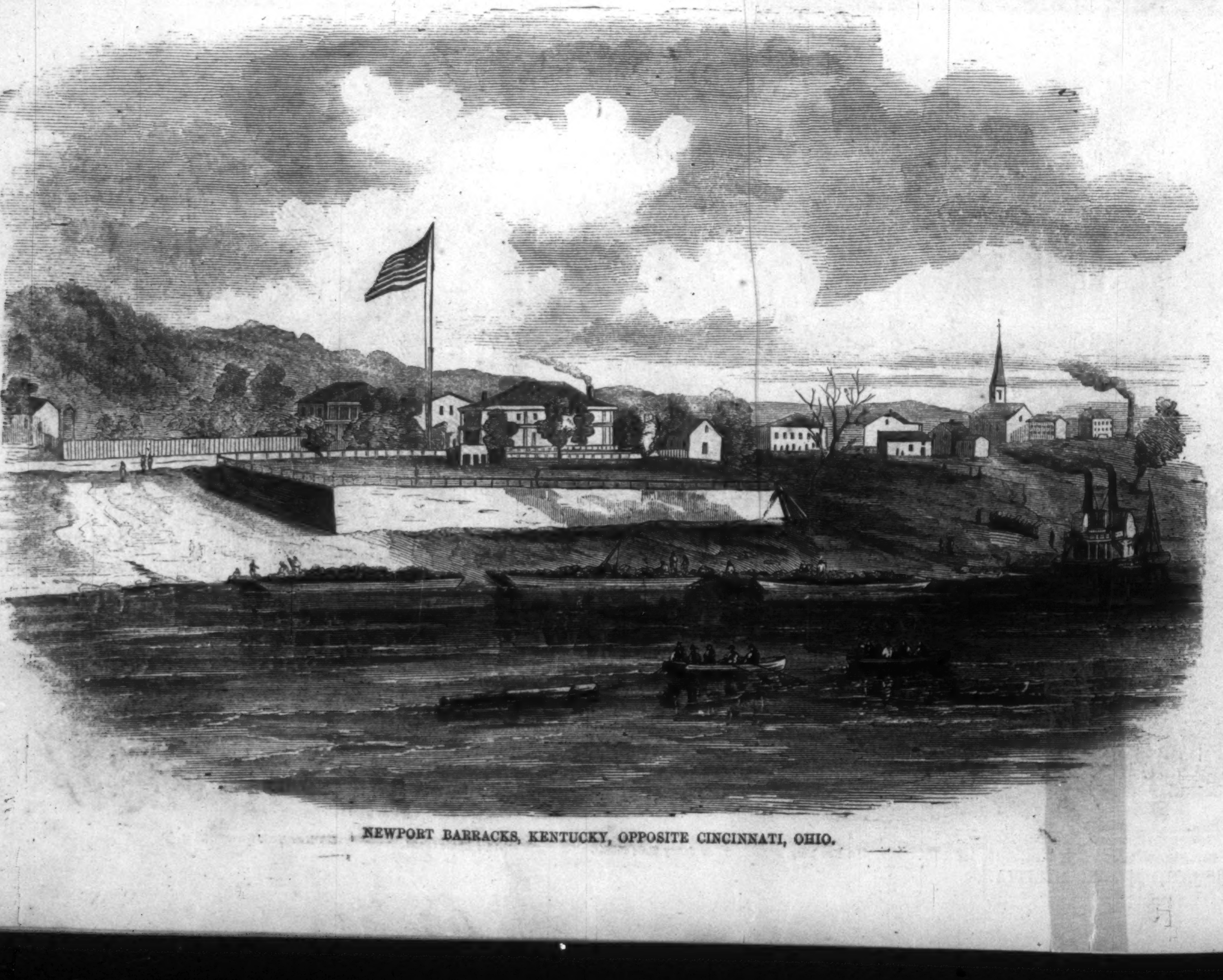
Our camp was alarmed instanter, and the troops got under arms. An attack from Fox Hill was momentarily expected, and Colonel Weber's regiment were immediately supplied with extra ammunition, and sent out in all directions as pickets, patrols, and skirmishers. They have done their work bravely and efficiently. Two companies are now here watching for rebels and guarding the bridge from being fired. The bridge will be saved. It is dismantled about a rod from the farther shore, and terminates there in a barricade of boards, behind which a portion of our picket was stationed when fired on by the enemy. Captain Stroupie, of the Twentieth Regiment, has just started across to the barricade with six men in the face of the flames and foe. He is anxiously watched from this side, as it is expected that he will be fired upon. The light is as bright as day, and the figures of men are seen reflected in the water. They have reached the barricade in safety.

The rebels have done their work effectually, nothing is now left to mark the once beautiful Hampton but the charred, towering chimneys, looming up in the distance, as monuments of the dastardly work of the rebels.

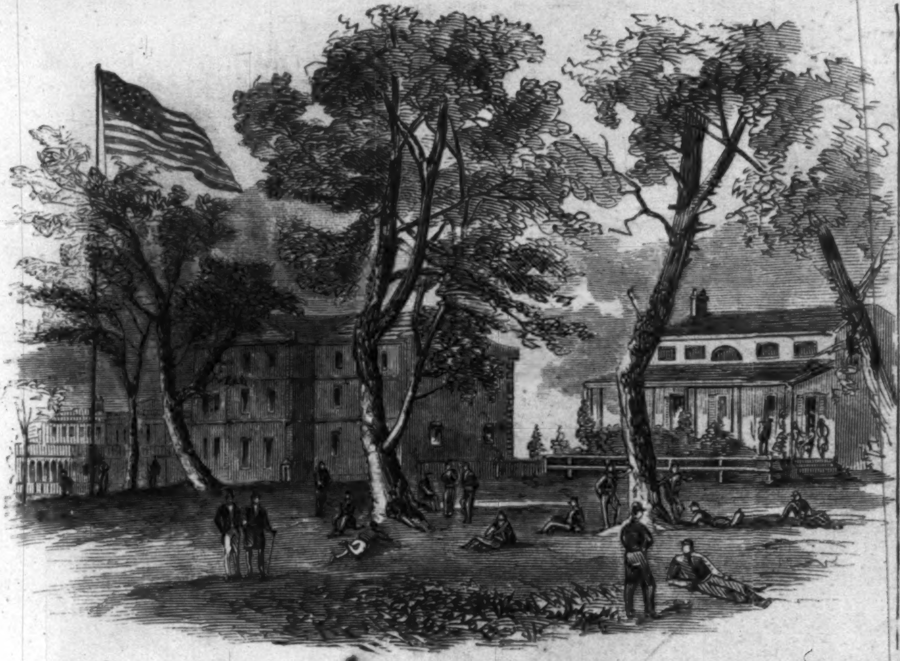
THE PHILADELPHIA NATIONAL GUARD.

On page 550 we illustrate the Review of the Philadelphia National Guard, the crack regiment of the City of Brotherly Love, which took place on their return from the war, on Saturday, 10th August. The Philadelphia *Press* gave the following account of the review:

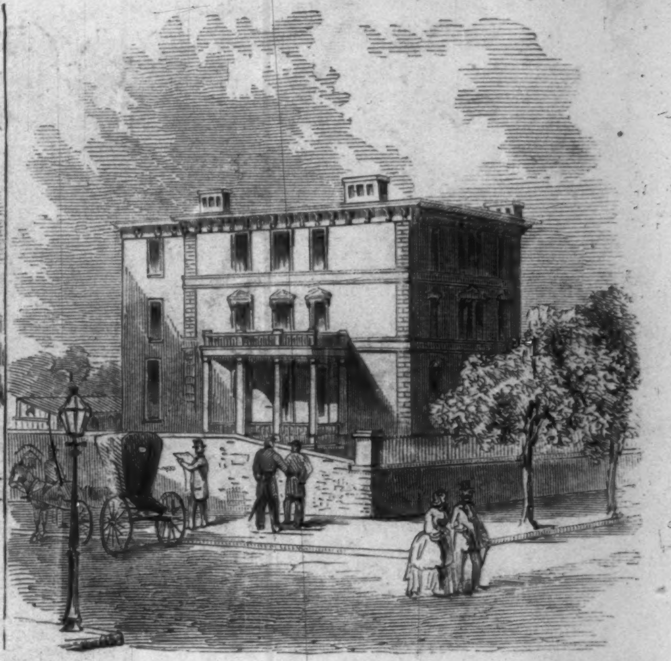
On Saturday afternoon, about six o'clock, the review of the National Guards came off at the Custom-house, in Chesnut Street above Fourth. The street was literally packed by the friends of the regiment, who came to witness what may be termed a real battalion parade and review, according to the United States Army regulations. The steps of the Custom-house were filled with the members of the Com-



NEWPORT BARRACKS, KENTUCKY, OPPOSITE CINCINNATI, OHIO.



THE ARSENAL AT ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.—[Sketched by Alexander Simplot.]



FREMONT'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.—[Sketched by Alexander Simplot.]

mon Council, together with a large number of ladies. In the absence of Mayor Henry, Mr. Cuyler represented the city.

The regiment was formed by Adjutant Brown, after which Colonel Lyle assumed the command, and put the regiment through the manual of arms; the various movements of which were executed in the best manner.

The regiment was then wheeled into column, and passed in review of the Councils, who complimented the soldiers with a marching salute; and when, at the close, the officers were drawn to the front, Mr. Cuyler briefly welcomed the regiment home, and complimented the men upon the perfection of their drill. In return, Colonel Lyle assured Mr. Cuyler that the regiment was ready to answer the call of the Government.

After the review the regiment marched to the armory, where they partook of a collation.

It is said that some six hundred of the regiment will reenlist for the war.

THE NEW GUN-BOATS.

We devote page 551 to illustrations of six out of the twenty-three gun-boats which were directed to be built for Government a few weeks since. A reporter of the *Herald* who visited the ship-yards shortly before our artist thus speaks of them:

Messrs. Webb and Bell, at Greenpoint, have on the stocks at their yard one of the new gun-boats of the lot of twenty-three. Already the ribs are up, and the outlines of the vessel are clearly defined. Her length is 158 feet, with 28 feet beam and 12 feet hold. The keel is of white oak, siding thirteen inches and ten inches in depth. The gun-board strakes are six inches in thickness. The frame is of young white oak, free from sap and all imperfections. None of the timber is grain cut. The entire hull will be diagonally braced with iron straps, three and one half inches in width by one half inch thick. The running bottom plank will be of white oak, three and one half inches in thickness, fastened with three locust treenails and one composition spike to each strake. The decks will be of yellow pine, the beams of white oak. This boat, like all the others, will be schooner rigged, and propelled by a screw. She will be pierced for six guns on each side, or a long port on each side, for the pivot gun. The vessel will be launched in September, and early in October she will be ready to go into commission.

Jere. Simonsón, at Greenpoint, has another of the gun-boats on the stocks. She is precisely the same size as the one at the yard of Messrs. Webb and Bell, and the work is about at the same stage of forwardness. One peculiarity about this vessel is that she is decorated very extensively with miniature flags. The workmen have placed them on the upper ends of the ribs, and as fast as a new one is added to the number it is crowned with the Stars and Stripes.

E. and H. Poillion are also building one of the twenty-three gun-boats. The work at their yard is progressing rapidly, and they are in hopes to turn out one of the model boats of the fleet.

John Englis, foot of Tenth Street, New York, has another gun-boat on the stocks. She is of the same dimensions as the others, and will be called the *Washington*.

Jacob Westervelt, of this city, is hurrying forward another of the gun-boats. She will be completed by September. All the contractors are obliged to furnish these vessels complete, with all the boatswain's and engineer's stores, boats, rigging, sails, flags, anchors, chains, and, in fact, every thing pertaining to a war vessel, with the exception of ordnance and ordnance stores.

The engines are being built at various places. The sections we publish are from the specifications of the Novelty Works, New York.

The following is a description of the engines, boilers, etc., now building for the new gun-boats:

Each vessel will be provided with two horizontal back action engines, with the cylinders placed side by side on the same side of the kelson.

The pistons are to make one hundred strokes per minute at the maximum.

The boilers will be two in number, and of Martin's patent, placed side by side, with a fire-room eight and a half feet wide, from front of the boiler to forward end of the crank shaft. The boilers will be furnished with draft from a blower engine and a Dunphel blower.

The screw propeller will be fixed, and of the four-bladed pattern.

Each engine will be complete in itself, and capable of operating the propeller shaft independently of the other.

Each boiler will be complete in itself, so that they can furnish steam to both or either of the engines. A working steam pressure of thirty pounds above the atmosphere is required of them.

The screw propeller will be fixed, and have four blades of the diameter of nine feet, diameter of hub fifteen inches, thickness of blade at the hub four and a half inches, tapering to five-eighths at the periphery.

Two of Martin's boilers will be put in each vessel, with one smoke-pipe for both. They will be of the best quality of American charcoal iron, and the best American lapwelded tubes (iron). They will contain eighty-eight and five-sixths square feet of grate surface, and twenty-seven hundred square feet of heating surface.

The smoke-stack will be four feet in diameter and thirty-two feet in length. It will be constructed in four iron plates vertically, the lower one of No. 6 wire gauge, the next to be No. 7, the next No. 8, and the upper plate No. 7.

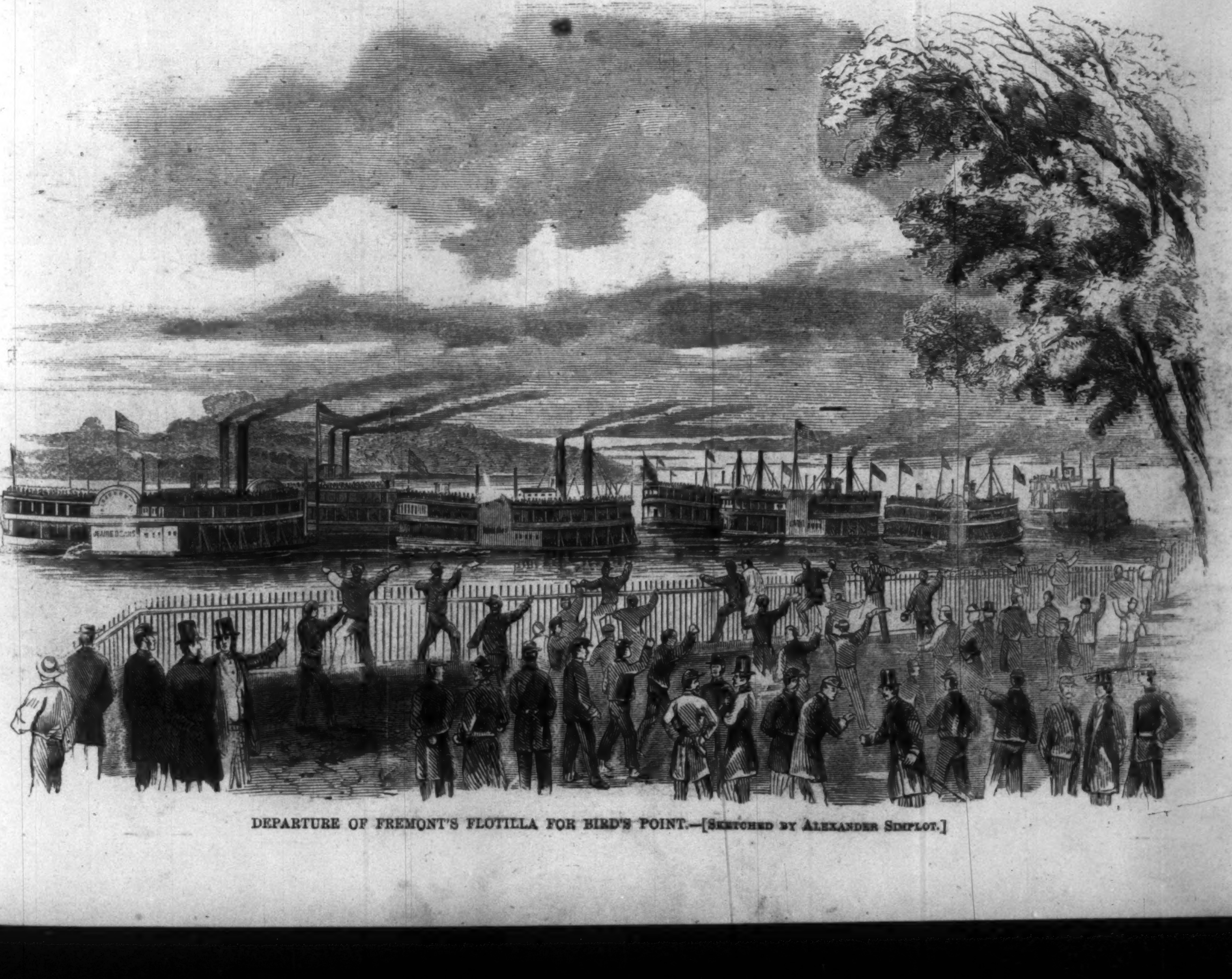
A fresh-water distilling apparatus, capable of making 100 gallons of fresh water per day, will be put in each ship.

The following instruments will be furnished by the contractors: One mercurial vacuum gauge, two indicators, one counter, one clock, one thermometer for hot well, one for injection water, one engine-room thermometer, one fire-room do., one gong, one bell, one glass water gauge; a complete set of engine tools, oil tanks, and cans; duplicate pieces, packing, waste, steel, iron, tallow, oil, paints, soap, and stationery, etc.

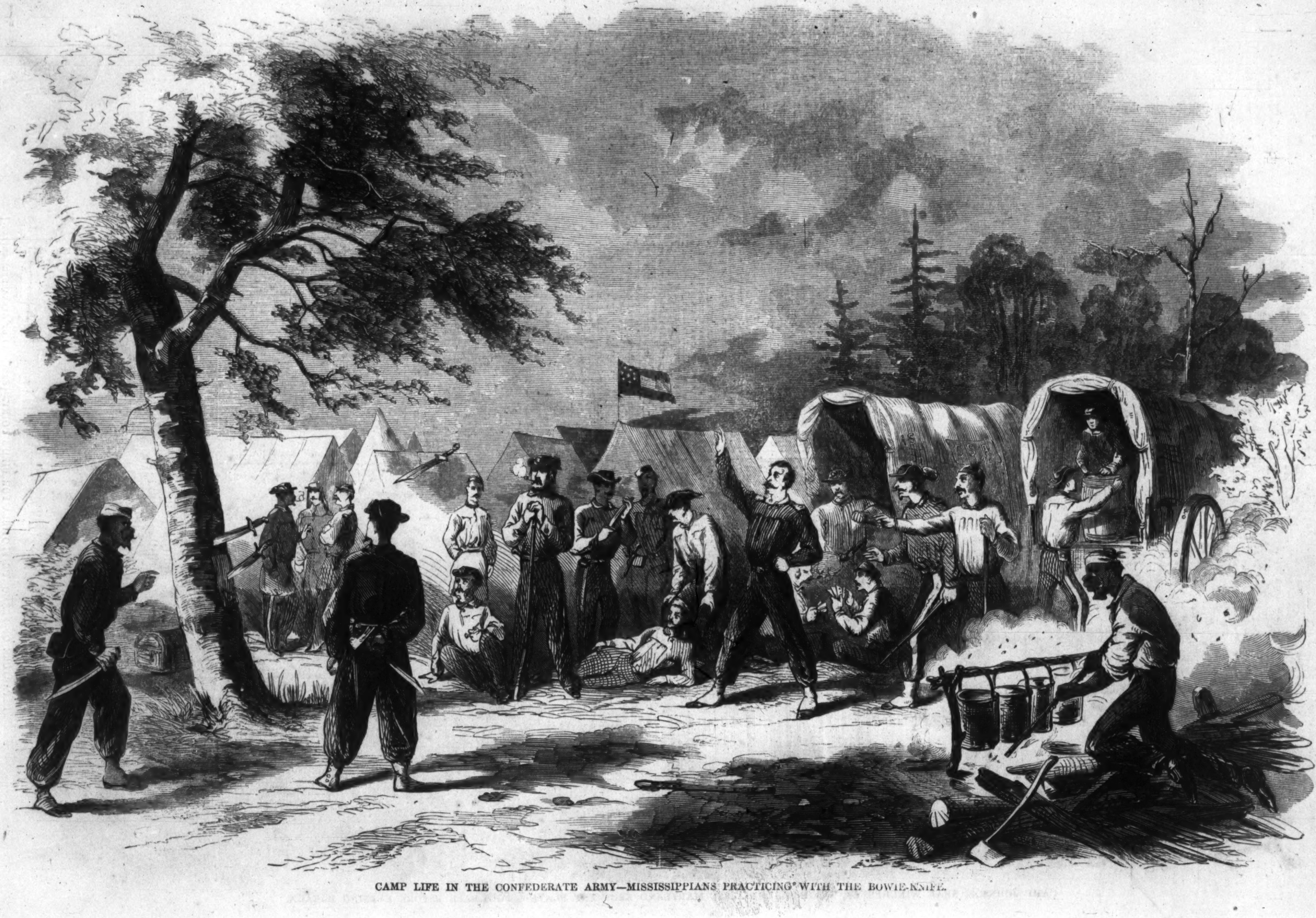
In addition to furnishing all these articles, they must furnish to the Navy Department, in one month after the completion of the machinery, tracings on cloth of every drawing used in the construction thereof, embracing both general and working plans in sufficient detail, with dimensions figured on, so that the same may be again constructed, together with a detailed statement of the weight of the machinery and of all its appurtenances.

FREMONT AT ST. LOUIS.

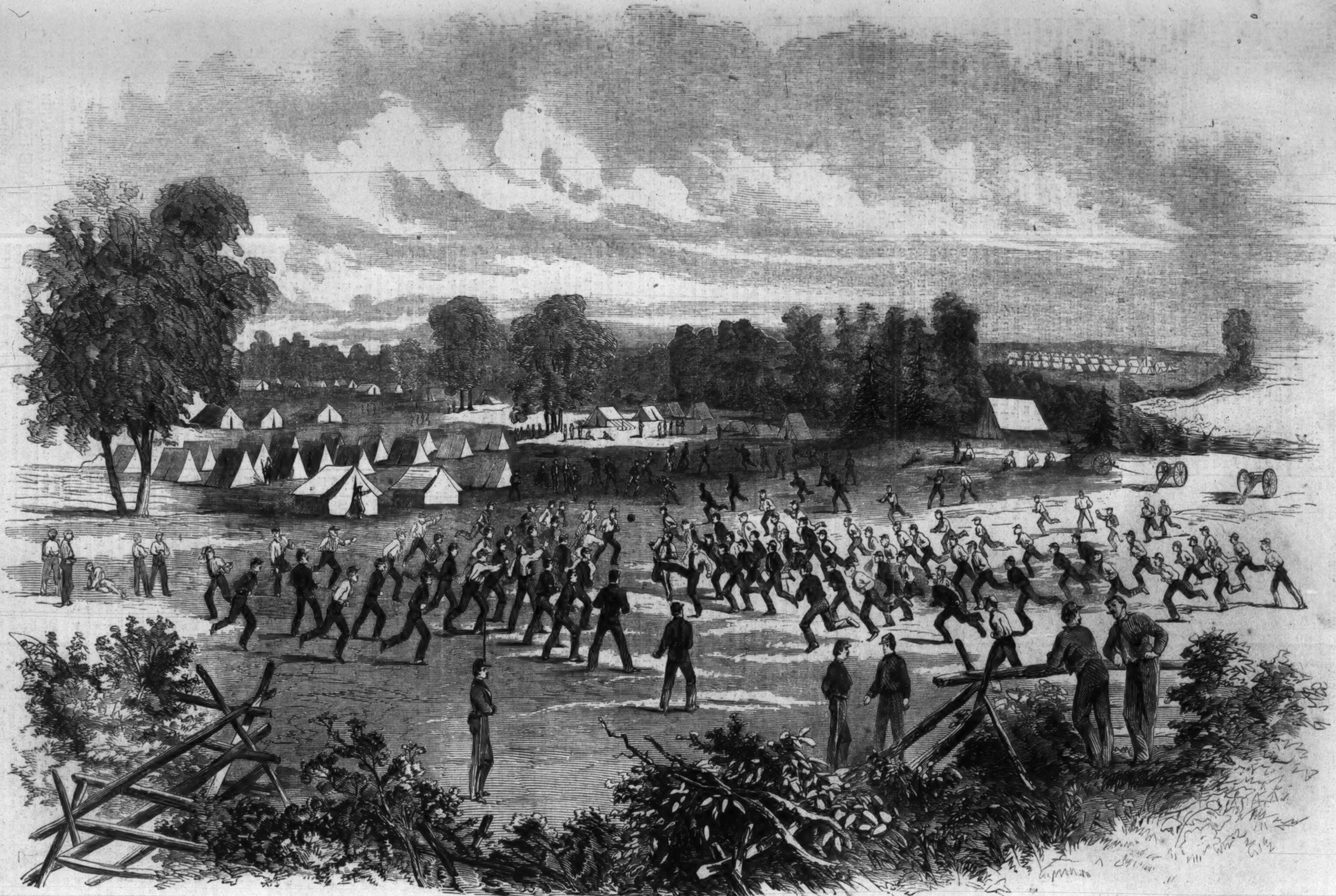
We publish on this page several illustrations of the progress of the war at the West. One of them represents The Departure of General Fremont with Troops from St. Louis for Bird's Point, Missouri. He had with him four regiments of infantry, several detached companies of riflemen, two companies of artillery, and a number of guns. The force left in eight steamers, and was enthusiastically cheered by the people. With this reinforcement, the troops at Bird's Point number 8000, and are able to stand any attack from the rebels. Another shows us General Fremont's Head-quarters at St. Louis, where the gallant General, assisted by his wife, the famous Jessie, spends eighteen hours a day in the work of the campaign. The third represents The Arsenal at St. Louis. Since General Frémont's arrival this place has been the scene of great excitement. Troops are arriving hourly by steamers and railcars, and departing again for Cape Girardeau, Cairo, Bird's Point, and other places in the interior. Ammunition of every kind, cannon of every calibre, and every class of army stores arrive here by each train from the East, and are rapidly distributed to points where they are needed.



DEPARTURE OF FREMONT'S FLOTILLA FOR BIRD'S POINT.—[Sketched by Alexander Simplot.]



CAMP LIFE IN THE CONFEDERATE ARMY—MISSISSIPPIANS PRACTICING WITH THE BOWIE-KNIFE.



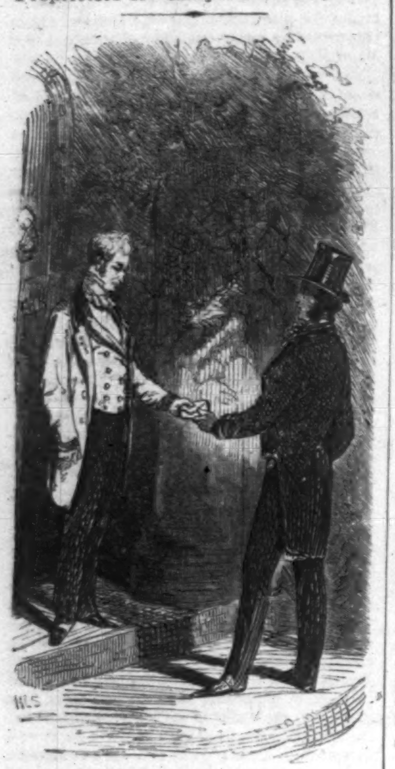
CAMP JOHNSON, NEAR WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA—THE FIRST MARYLAND REGIMENT PLAYING FOOT-BALL BEFORE EVENING PARADE.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

A STRANGE STORY.

By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."



CHAPTER IX.

In a very few minutes I was once more in the grounds of that old gable house. The servant, who went before me, entered them by the stairs and the wicket-gate of the private entrance; that way was the shortest. So again I passed by the circling glade and the monastic well—sward, trees, and ruins, all suffused in the limpid moonlight.

And now I was in the house; the servant took up stairs the note with which I was charged, and a minute or two afterward returned and conducted me to the corridor above, in which Mrs. Ashleigh received me. I was the first to speak. "Your daughter—is—is—not seriously ill, I hope. What is it?"

"Hush!" she said, under her breath. "Will you step this way for a moment?" She passed through a door-way to the right. I followed her, and as she placed on the table the light she had been holding, I looked round with a chill at the heart—it was the room in which Dr. Lloyd had died. Impossible to mistake. The furniture, indeed, was changed—there was no bed in the chamber; but the shape of the room, the position of the high casement, which was now wide open, and through which the moonlight streamed more softly than on that drear winter night, the great square beams intersecting the low ceiling—all were impressed vividly on my memory. The chair to which Mrs. Ashleigh beckoned me was placed just on the spot where I had stood by the bed-head of the dying man.

I shrank back—I could not have seated myself there. So I remained leaning against the chimney-piece, while Mrs. Ashleigh told her story.

She said that on their arrival the day before, Lilian had been in more than usually good health and spirits, delighted with the old house, the grounds, and especially the nook by the Monk's Well, at which Mrs. Ashleigh had left her that evening in order to make some purchases in the town, in company with Mr. Vigors. When Mrs. Ashleigh returned, she and Mr. Vigors had sought Lilian in that nook, and Mrs. Ashleigh then detected, with a mother's eye, some change in Lilian, which alarmed her. She seemed listless and dejected, and was very pale; but she denied that she felt unwell. On regaining the house she had sat down in the room in which we then were—"which," said Mrs. Ashleigh, "as it is not required for a sleeping-room, my daughter, who is fond of reading, wished to fit up as her own morning-room, or study. I left her here and went into the drawing-room below with Mr. Vigors. When he quitted me, which he did very soon, I remained for nearly an hour giving directions about the placing of furniture, which had just arrived from our late residence. I then went up stairs to join my daughter, and to my terror found her apparently lifeless in her chair. She had fainted away."

I interrupted Mrs. Ashleigh here. "Has Miss Ashleigh been subject to fainting fits?"

"No, never. When she recovered she seemed bewildered—disinclined to speak. I got her to bed, and as she then fell quietly to sleep, my mind was relieved. I thought it only a passing effect of excitement, in a change of abode; or caused by something like malaria in the atmosphere of that part of the grounds in which I had found her seated."

"Very likely. The hour of sunset at this time of year is trying to delicate constitutions. Go on."

"About three-quarters of an hour ago she woke up with a loud cry, and has been ever since in a state of great agitation, weeping violently, and answering none of my questions. Yet she does not seem light-headed, but rather what we call hysterical."

"You will permit me now to see her. Take comfort—in all you tell me I see nothing to warrant serious alarm."

CHAPTER X.

To the true physician there is an inexpressible sanctity in the sick-chamber. At its threshold the more human passions quit their hold on his heart. Love there would be profanation. Even the grief permitted to others he must put aside. He must enter that room—a Calm Intelligence. He is disabled for his mission if he suffer aught to obscure the keen quiet glance of his science. Age or youth, beauty or deformity, innocence or guilt, merge their distinctions in one common attribute—human suffering appealing to human skill.

Woe to the households in which the trusted Healer feels not on his conscience the solemn obligations of his glorious art. Reverently, as in a temple, I stood in the virgin's chamber. When her mother placed her hand in mine, and I felt the throb of its pulse, I was aware of no quicker beat of my own heart. I looked with a steady eye on the face, more beautiful from the flush that deepened the delicate hues of the young cheek, and the lustre that brightened the dark blue of the wandering eyes. She did not at first heed me; did not seem aware of my presence; but kept murmuring to herself words which I could not distinguish.

At length, when I spoke to her, in that low, soothing tone which we learn at the sick-bed, the expression of her face altered suddenly; she passed the hand I did not hold over her forehead, turned round, looked at me full and long, with unmistakable surprise, yet not as if the surprise displeased her; less the surprise which recoils from the sight of a stranger than that which seems doubtfully to recognize an unexpected friend! Yet on the surprise there seemed to creep something of apprehension—of fear; her hand trembled, her voice quivered, as she said,

"Can it be, can it be? Am I awake? Mother, who is this?"

"Only a kind visitor, Dr. Fenwick, sent by Mrs. Poyntz, for I was uneasy about you, darling. How are you now?"

"Better. Strangely better."

She removed her hand gently from mine, and with an involuntary modest shrinking, turned toward Mrs. Ashleigh, drawing her mother toward herself, so that she became at once hidden from me.

Satisfied that there was here no delirium, nor even more than the slight and temporary fever which often accompanies a sudden nervous attack in constitutions peculiarly sensitive, I retired noiselessly from the room, and went not into that which had been occupied by the deceased inmate, but down stairs into the drawing-room, to write my prescription. I had already sent the servant off with it to the chemist's before Mrs. Ashleigh joined me.

"She seems recovering surprisingly; her forehead is cooler; she is perfectly self-possessed, only she can not account for her own seizure, can not account either for the fainting or the agitation with which she awoke from sleep."

"I think I can account for both. The first room in which she entered—that in which she fainted—had its window open; the sides of the window are overgrown with rank, creeping plants in full blossom. Miss Ashley had already predisposed herself to injurious effects from the effluvia, by fatigue, excitement, imprudence in sitting out at the fall of a heavy dew. The sleep after the fainting fit was the more disturbed, because nature, always alert and active in subjects so young, was making its own effort to right itself from an injury. Nature has nearly succeeded. What I have prescribed will a little aid and accelerate that which nature has yet to do, and in a day or two I do not doubt that your daughter will be perfectly restored. Only let me recommend care to avoid exposure to the open air during the close of the day. Let her avoid also the room in which she was first seized, for it is a strange phenomenon in nervous temperaments that a nervous attack may, without visible cause, be repeated in the same place where it was first experienced. You had better shut up the chamber for at least some weeks, burn fires in it, repaint and paper it, sprinkle chloroform. You are not, perhaps, aware that Dr. Lloyd died in that room after a prolonged illness. Suffer me to wait till your servant returns with the medicine, and let me employ the interval in asking a few questions. Miss Ashleigh, you say, never had a fainting fit before. I should presume that she is not what we call strong. But has she ever had any illness that alarmed you?"

"Never."

"No great liability to cold and cough, to attacks of the chest or lungs?"

"Certainly not. Still I have feared that she may have a tendency to consumption. Do you think so? Your questions alarm me!"

"I do not think so; but before I pronounce a positive opinion, one question more. You say you feared a tendency to consumption. Is that disease in her family? She certainly did not inherit it from you. But on her father's side?"

"Her father," said Mrs. Ashleigh, with tears in her voice, "died young, but of brain fever, which the medical men said was brought on by over-study."

"Enough, my dear Madam. What you say confirms my belief that your daughter's constitution is the very opposite to that in which the seeds of consumption lurk. It is rather that far nobler constitution which the keenness of the nervous susceptibility renders delicate but elastic—as quick to recover as it is to suffer."

"Thank you, thank you, Dr. Fenwick, for what you say. You take a load from my heart. For Mr. Vigors, I know, thinks Lilian consumptive, and Mrs. Poyntz has rather frightened me at times by hints to the same effect. But when you speak of nervous susceptibility, I do not quite understand you. My daughter is not what is commonly called nervous. Her temper is singularly even."

"But if not excitable, should you also say that she is not impressionable? The things which do not disturb her temper may, perhaps, deject her spirits. Do I make myself understood?"

"Yes, I think I understand your distinction. But I am not quite sure if it applies. To most things that affect the spirits she is not more sensitive than other girls, perhaps less so. But she is certainly very impressionable in some things."

"In what?"

"She is more moved than any one I ever knew by objects in external nature, rural scenery, rural sounds, by music, by the books that she reads—even books that are not works of imagination. Perhaps in all this she takes after her poor father, but in a more marked degree—at least, I observe it more in her. For he was peculiarly silent and reserved. And perhaps also her peculiarities have been fostered by the seclusion in which she has been brought up. It was with a view to make her a little more like girls of her own age that our friend, Mrs. Poyntz, induced me to come here. Lilian was reconciled to this change; but she shrank from the thoughts of London, which I should have preferred. Her poor father could not endure London."

"Miss Ashleigh is fond of reading?"

"Yes, she is fond of reading, but more fond of music. She will sit by herself for hours without book or work, and seem as abstracted as if in a dream. She was so even in her earliest childhood. Then she would tell me what she had been conjuring up to herself. She would say that she had seen—positively seen—beautiful lands far away from earth; flowers and trees not like ours. As she grew older this visionary talk displeased me, and I scolded her, and said that if others heard her they would think that she was not only silly, but very untruthful. So of late years she never ventures to tell me what, in such dreamy moments, she suffers herself to imagine; but the habit of musing continues still. Do you not agree with Mrs. Poyntz, that the best cure would be a little cheerful society among other young people?"

"Certainly," said I, honestly, though with a jealous pang. "But here comes the medicine. Will you take it up to her, and then sit with her half an hour or so? By that time I expect she will be asleep. I will wait here till you return. Oh, I can amuse myself with the newspapers and books on your table. Stay! one caution: be sure there are no flowers in Miss Ashleigh's sleeping-room. I think I saw a treacherous rose-tree in a stand by the window. If so, banish it."

Left alone, I examined the room in which, O thought of joy! I had surely now won the claim to become a privileged guest. I touched the books Lilian must have touched; in the articles of furniture, as yet so hastily disposed that the settled look of home was not about them, I still knew that I was gazing on things which her mind must associate with the history of her young life. That lute-harp must be surely hers, and the scarf, with a girl's favorite colors—pure white and pale blue—and the bird-cage, and the childish ivory work-case, with implements too pretty for use, all spoke of her.

It was a blissful, intoxicating reverie, which Mrs. Ashleigh's entrance disturbed.

Lilian was sleeping calmly. I had no pretense to linger there any longer.

"I leave you, I trust, with your mind quite at ease," said I. "You will allow me to call to-morrow, in the afternoon?"

"Oh yes, gratefully."

Mrs. Ashleigh held out her hand as I made toward the door.

Is there a physician who has not felt at times how that ceremonious fee throws him back from the garden land of humanity into the market-place of money—seems to put him out of the pale of equal friendship, and say, "True, you have given health and life. Adieu! there, you are paid for it." With a poor person there would have been no dilemma, but Mrs. Ashleigh was affluent; to depart from custom here was almost impertinence. But had the penalty of my refusal been the doom of never again beholding Lilian, I could not have taken her mother's gold. So I did not appear to notice the hand held out to me, and passed by with a quickened step.

"But, Dr. Fenwick, stop!"

"No, Ma'am, no! Miss Ashleigh would have recovered as soon without me. Whenever my aid is really wanted, then—but Heaven grant that time may never come! We will talk again about her to-morrow."

I was gone. Now in the garden ground, odorous with blossoms; now in the lane, inclosed by the narrow walls; now in the deserted streets, over which the moon shone full as in that winter night when I hurried from the chamber of death. But the streets were not ghastly now, and the moon was no longer Hecate, that dreary goddess of awe and spectres, but the sweet, simple Lady of the Stars, on whose gentle face lovers have gazed ever since (if that guess of astronomers be true) she was parted from earth to rule the tides of its deeps from afar, even as love from love divided rules the heart that yearns toward it with mysterious law!

CHAPTER XI.

With what increased benignity I listened to the patients who visited me the next morning! The whole human race seemed to me worthier of love, and I longed to diffuse among all some rays of the glorious hope that had dawned upon my heart. My first call, when I went forth, was on the poor young woman from whom I had been returning the day before, when an impulse, which seemed like a fate, had lured me into the grounds where I had first seen Lilian. I felt grateful to this poor patient; without her, Lilian herself might be yet unknown to me.

The girl's brother, a young man employed in the police, and whose pay supported a widowed mother and the suffering sister, received me at the threshold of the cottage.

"Oh, Sir! she is so much better to-day; almost free from pain. Will she live now? can she live?"

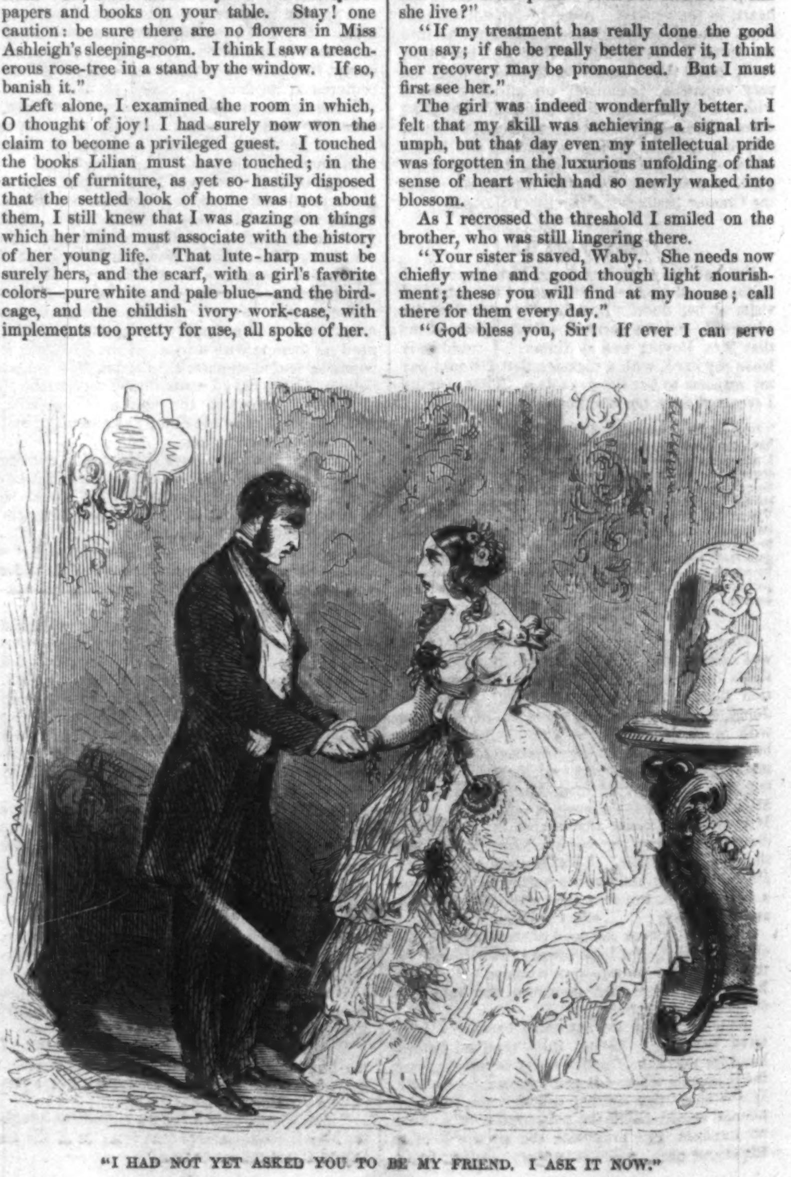
"If my treatment has really done the good you say; if she be really better under it, I think her recovery may be pronounced. But I must first see her."

The girl was indeed wonderfully better. I felt that my skill was achieving a signal triumph, but that day even my intellectual pride was forgotten in the luxurious unfolding of that sense of heart which had so newly waked into blossom.

As I recrossed the threshold I smiled on the brother, who was still lingering there.

"Your sister is saved, Waby. She needs now chiefly wine and good though light nourishment; these you will find at my house; call there for them every day."

"God bless you, Sir! If ever I can serve



"I HAD NOT YET ASKED YOU TO BE MY FRIEND. I ASK IT NOW."

you—" His tongue faltered—he could say no more.

Serve me—Allen Fenwick—that poor policeman! Me, whom a king could not serve! What did I ask from earth but Fame and Lilian's heart? Thrones and bread man wins from the aid of others. Fame and woman's heart he can only gain through himself.

So I strode gayly up the hill, through the iron gates into the fairy ground, and stood before Lilian's home.

The man-servant, on opening the door, seemed somewhat confused, and said, hastily, before I spoke,

"Not at home, Sir; a note for you."

I turned the note mechanically in my hand; I felt stunned.

"Not at home! Miss Ashleigh can not be out. How is she?"

"Better, Sir, thank you."

I still could not open the note; my eyes turned wistfully toward the windows of the house, and there—at the drawing-room window—I encountered the scowl of Mr. Vigors. I colored with resentment, divined that I was dismissed, and walked away with a proud crest and a firm step.

When I was out of the gates, in the blind lane, I opened the note. It began formally, "Mrs. Ashleigh presents her compliments," and went on to thank me, civilly enough, for my attendance the night before, would not give me the trouble to repeat my visit, and inclosed a fee double the amount of the fee prescribed by custom. I flung the money, as an asp that had stung me, over the high wall, and tore the note into shreds. Having thus idly vented my rage, a dull gnawing sorrow came heavily down upon all other emotions, stifling and replacing them. At the mouth of the lane I halted. I shrank from the thought of the crowded streets beyond. I shrank yet more from the routine of duties which stretched before me in the desert into which daily life was so suddenly smitten. I sat down by the roadside, shading my dejected face with a nerveless hand. I looked up as the sound of steps reached my ear, and saw Dr. Jones coming briskly along the lane, evidently from Abbots' House. He must have been there at the very time I had called. I was not only dismissed but supplanted. I rose before he reached the spot on which I had seated myself, and went my way into the town, went through my allotted round of professional visits, but my attentions were not so tenderly devoted, my skill so genially quickened by the glow of benevolence, as my poorer patients had found them in the morning.

I have said how the physician should enter the sick-room. "A Calm Intelligence!" But if you strike a blow on the heart, the intellect suffers. Little worth, I suspect, was my "calm intelligence" that day. Bichat, in his famous book upon Life and Death, divides life into two classes—animal and organic. Man's intellect, with the brain for its centre, belongs to life animal; his passions to life organic, centred in the heart, in the viscera. Alas! if the noblest passions, through which alone we lift ourselves into the moral realm of the sublime and beautiful, really have their centre in the life which the very vegetable, that lives organically, shares with us! And, alas! if it be that life which we share with the vegetable that can cloud, obstruct, suspend, annul that life centred in the brain, which we share with every being howsoever angelic, in every star howsoever remote, on whom the Creator bestows the faculty of thought!

CHAPTER XII.

BUT suddenly I remembered Mrs. Poyntz. I ought to call on her. So I closed my round of visits at her door. But the day was then far advanced, and the servant politely informed me that Mrs. Poyntz was at dinner. I could only leave my card, with a message that I would pay my respects to her the next day. That evening I received from her this note:

"DEAR DR. FENWICK,—I regret much that I can not have the pleasure of seeing you to-morrow. Poyntz and I are going to visit his brother, at the other end of the county, and we start early. We shall be away some days. Sorry to hear from Mrs. Ashleigh that she has been persuaded by Mr. Vigors to consult Dr. Jones about Lilian. Vigors and Jones both frighten the poor mother, and insist upon consumptive tendencies. Unluckily, you seem to have said there was little the matter. Some doctors gain their practice, as some preachers fill their churches, by adroit use of the appeals to terror. You do not want patients; Dr. Jones does. And, after all, better perhaps as it is.

Yours, etc.

"M. POYNTZ."

To my more selfish grief anxiety for Lilian was now added. I had seen many more patients die from being mistreated for consumption than from consumption itself. And Dr. Jones was a mercenary, cunning, needy man, with much crafty knowledge of human foibles, but very little skill in the treatment of human maladies. My fears were soon confirmed. A few days after I heard from Miss Brabazon that Miss Ashleigh was seriously ill—kept her room. Mrs. Ashleigh made this excuse for not immediately returning the visits which the Hill had showered upon her. Miss Brabazon had seen Dr. Jones, who had shaken his head; said it was a serious case, but that time and care (his time and his care!) would effect wonders.

How stealthily at the dead of the night I would climb the Hill, and look toward the windows of the old sombre house—one window, in which a light burned dim and mournful, the light of a sick-room—of hers!

At length Mrs. Poyntz came back, and I entered her house, having fully resolved beforehand on the line of policy to be adopted toward the potentate whom I hoped to secure as an ally. It was clear that neither disguise nor half-confidence would baffle the penetration of so keen an intellect, nor propitiate the good-will of so imperious and resolute a temper. Perfect frankness here was the wisest prudence; and, after all, it was most agreeable to my own nature, and most worthy of my own honor.

Luckily, I found Mrs. Poyntz alone, and, taking in both mine the hand she somewhat coldly extended to me, I said, with the earnestness of suppressed emotion:

"You observed, when I last saw you, that I had not yet asked you to be my friend. I ask it now. Listen to me with all the indulgence you can vouchsafe, and let me at least profit by your counsel if you refuse to give me your aid."

Rapidly, briefly, I went on to say how I had first seen Lilian, and how sudden, how strange to myself had been the impression which that first sight of her had produced.

"You remarked the change that had come over me," said I; "you divined the cause before I divined it myself; divined it as I sat there beside you, thinking that through you I might see, in the freedom of social intercourse, the face that was then haunting me. You know what has since passed. Miss Ashleigh is ill; her case is, I am convinced, wholly misunderstood. All other feelings are merged in one sense of anxiety—of alarm. But it has become due to me, due to all, to incur the risk of your ridicule even more than of your reproof, by stating to you thus candidly, plainly, bluntly, the sentiment which renders alarm so poignant, and which if scarcely admissible to the romance of some wild, dreamy boy, may seem an unpardonable folly in a man of my years and my sober calling; due to me, to you, to Mrs. Ashleigh; because still the dearest thing in life to me is honor. And if you, who know Mrs. Ashleigh so intimately, who must be more or less aware of her plans or wishes for her daughter's future; if you believe that those plans or wishes lead to a lot far more ambitious than an alliance with me could offer to Miss Ashleigh, then aid Mr. Vigors in excluding me from the house; aid me in suppressing a presumptuous, visionary passion. I can not enter that house without love and hope at my heart. And the threshold of that house I must not cross if such love and such hope would be a sin and a treachery in the eyes of its owner. I might restore Miss Ashleigh to health; her gratitude might—I can not continue. This danger must not be to me nor to her, if her mother has views far above such a son-in-law. And I am the more bound to consider all this while it is yet time, because I heard you state that Miss Ashleigh had a fortune—was what would be here termed an heiress. And the full consciousness that whatever fame one in my profession may live to acquire, does not open those vistas of social power and grandeur which are opened by professions to my eyes less noble in themselves—that full consciousness, I say, was forced upon me by certain words of your own. For the rest, you know my descent is sufficiently recognized as that amidst well-born gentry to have rendered me no mésalliance to families the most proud of their ancestry, if I had kept my hereditary estate and avoided the career that makes me useful to man. But I acknowledge that on entering a profession such as mine—entering any profession except that of arms or the senate—all leave their pedigree at its door, an erased or dead letter. All must come as equals, high born or low born, into that arena in which men ask aid from a man as he makes himself; to them his dead forefathers are idle dust. Therefore, to the advantage of birth I cease to have a claim. I am but a provincial physician, whose station would be the same had he been a cobbler's son. But gold retains its grand privilege in all ranks. He who has gold is removed from the suspicion that attaches to the greedy fortune-hunter. My private fortune, swelled by my savings, is sufficient to secure to any one I married a larger settlement than many a wealthy squire can make. I need no fortune with a wife; if she have one, it would be settled on herself. Pardon these vulgar details. Now, have I made myself understood?"

"Fully," answered the Queen of the Hill, who had listened to me quietly, watchfully, and without one interruption.

"Fully. And you have done well to confide in me with so generous an unreserve. But before I say further, let me ask, what would be your advice for Lilian, supposing that you ought not to attend her? You have no trust in Dr. Jones; neither have I. And Anne Ashleigh's note received to-day, begging me to call, justifies your alarm. Still you think there is no tendency to consumption?"

"Of that I am certain, so far as my slight glimpse of a case that to me, however, seems a simple and not uncommon one, will permit. But in the alternative you put—that my own skill, whatever its worth, is forbidden—my earnest advice is, that Mrs. Ashleigh should take her daughter at once to London, and consult there those great authorities to whom I can not compare my own opinion or experience; and by their counsel abide."

Mrs. Poyntz shaded her eyes with her hand for a few moments, and seemed in deliberation with herself. Then she said, with her peculiar smile, half grave, half ironical:

"In matters more ordinary you would have won me to your side long ago. That Mr. Vigors should have presumed to cancel my recommendation to a settler on the Hill, was an act of rebellion, and involved the honor of my prerogative. But I suppressed my indignation at an affront so unusual, partly out of pique against yourself, but much more, I think, out of regard for you."

"I understand. You detected the secret of my heart; you knew that Mrs. Ashleigh would not wish to see her daughter the wife of a provincial physician."

"Am I sure, or are you sure, that the daughter herself would accept that fate; or if she accepted it, would not repent?"

"Do not think me the vainest of men when I say this—that I can not believe I should be so enthralled by a feeling at war with my reason, unfavored by any thing I can detect in my habits of mind, or even by the dreams of a youth which exalted science and excluded love, unless I was intimately convinced that Miss Ashleigh's heart was free—that I could win, and that I could keep it! Ask me why I am convinced of this, and I can tell you no more why I think that she could love me, than I can tell you why I love her!"

"I am of the world, worldly. But I am woman, womanly—though I may not care to be thought it. And therefore, though what you say is—regarded in a worldly point of view, sheer nonsense—regarded in a womanly point of view, it is logically sound. But still you can not know Lilian as I do. Your nature and hers are in strong contrast. I do not think she is a safe wife for you. The purest, the most innocent creature imaginable, certainly that, but always in the seventh heaven. And you in the seventh heaven just at this moment, but with an irresistible gravitation to the solid earth, which will have its way again when the honey-moon is over. I do not believe you two would harmonize by intercourse. I do not believe Lilian would sympathize with you, and I am sure you could not sympathize with her throughout the long dull course of this work-day life. And therefore, for your sake as well as hers, I was not displeased to find that Dr. Jones had replaced you; and now, in return for your frankness, I say, frankly—do not go again to that house. Conquer this sentiment, fancy, passion, whatever it be. And I will advise Mrs. Ashleigh to take Lilian to town. Shall it be so settled?"

I could not speak. I buried my face in my hands—misery, misery, desolation! I know not how long I remained thus silent, perhaps many minutes. At length I felt a cold, firm, but not ungentle hand placed upon mine; and a clear, full, but not discouraging voice said to me:

"Leave me to think well over this conversation, and to ponder well the value of all you have shown that you so deeply feel. The interests of life do not fill both scales of the balance. The heart which does not always go in the same scale with the interests, still has its weight in the scale opposed to them. I have heard a few wise men say, as many a silly woman says, 'Better be unhappy with one we love, than be happy with one we love not.' Do you say that, too?"

"With every thought of my brain, every beat of my pulse, I say it."

"After that answer, all my questionings cease. You shall hear from me to-morrow. By that time I shall have seen Anne and Lilian. I shall have weighed both scales of the balance, and the heart here, Allen Fenwick, seems very heavy. Go, now. I hear feet on the stairs. Poyntz bringing up some friendly gossiper; gossipers are spies."

I passed my hand over my eyes, tearless, but how tears would have relieved the anguish that burdened them! and, without a word, went down the stairs, meeting at the landing-place Colonel Poyntz and the old man whose pain my prescription had cured. The old man was whistling a merry tune, perhaps first learned on the playground. He broke from it to thank, almost to embrace me, as I slid by him. I seized his jocund blessing as a good omen, and carried it with me as I passed into the broad sunlight. Solitary—solitary. Should I be so evermore?

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SCOTT AND HIS MAJOR GENERALS.

WE publish on page 548 a group of LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SCOTT AND HIS MAJOR GENERALS, and subjoin the following brief memoranda of the men.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT was born near Petersburg, Virginia, on June 13, 1786, and is consequently 75 years old. He was bred a lawyer, but entered the army as an artilleryman in 1812, distinguished himself in a most remarkable manner in the campaign on the Canadian frontier, and was appointed a Major General at 28. In 1833 he concluded the Black Hawk War. In 1847 he led an army to the city of Mexico, and there dictated peace to the enemy. In 1852 he was the Whig candidate for President, and was defeated by General Pierce. He is now the Commander-in-Chief of the United States army, with the rank of Lieutenant-General.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN C. FREMONT was born in South Carolina in January, 1813. He began life by teaching mathematics; obtained employment on a Government survey of the Mississippi; gave such satisfaction that he won a commission as Lieutenant of Engineers, and in 1842 was sent with a few men to explore the South Pass in the Rocky Mountains. He spent two years in explorations of the mountain country, succeeding thoroughly in his object, though at great cost of suffering and privation. He took an active part in the conquest of California, and was the first Senator from that State. In 1856 he was the Republican candidate for the Presidency, and was defeated by James Buchanan. He commands the Department of the West, head-quarters at St. Louis.

MAJOR-GENERAL G. B. M'CLELLAN was born in Philadelphia on December 3, 1826. At the age of sixteen he entered the Military Academy at West Point, graduating with the class of 1846, with the rank of Brevet Second Lieutenant of Engineers. Until the Mexican war, however, he had no opportunity of distinguishing himself, and then, "for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Churubusco," as the orders expressed it, he was breveted First Lieutenant. "For gallant and meritorious conduct at the battle of Molino del Rey," on September 8, 1847, he was offered a Brevet Captaincy, which he declined. He was advanced to this rank, however, subsequently, "for gallant and meritorious conduct at the battle of Chapultepec," and received the command of a company of sappers, miners, and pontoneers in May, 1848. At the close of the Mexican war he returned to West Point, where he remained on duty with the sappers and miners until 1851. During this time he introduced the bayonet exercise into the army, and translated and adapted a manual which has since become a text-book for the service. During the summer and fall of 1851 he superintended the construction of Fort Delaware, and in the succeeding spring was assigned to duty, under Major R. B. Marcy, in the expedition for the exploration of the Red River. Thence he was ordered direct to Texas, as senior engineer, on the staff of General Persifer F. Smith, and engaged for some months in surveying the rivers and harbors of that State. In 1853 he was ordered to the Pacific coast, in command of the Western division of the survey of the North Pacific Railroad route. He returned to the East in 1854, on duty connected with the Pacific survey, and was engaged also in secret service to the West Indies. The next year he received a commission in the First Regiment of Cavalry, and was appointed a member of the Commission which went to the seat of war in the Crimea and in Northern Russia. Colonel Richard Delafield, one of his colleagues, is now an officer in the rebel army, and Major Alfred Mordecai, the third member of the Commission, a short time ago resigned the Superintendency of the Troy Arsenal. Major M'Clellan's report on the "Organization of European Armies and the Operations of the War," a quarto volume, embodying the result of his observations in the Crimea, greatly enhanced his reputation as a scientific soldier. In January, 1857, weary of inaction, he resigned his position in the army to become Vice-President and Engineer of the Illinois Central Railroad, which post he held for three years, when he was offered and accepted the Presidency of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, of which he was also General Superintendent. When our domestic troubles assumed formidable dimensions, Major M'Clellan's services were at once called into requisition. Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, tried to secure the benefit of his experience in organizing the volunteers from that State; but the tender of the Major-Generalship of the Ohio forces reached him first, and he at once accepted it. On May 14 he received a commission as Major-General in the United States Army, and now has command of the Department of Virginia.

MAJOR-GENERAL NATHANIEL P. BANKS was born at Waltham, Massachusetts, on 30th January, 1816, and is consequently forty-five years of age. His father was an operative in one of the mills, and after a brief term at the village school this son also took his place in a factory. He was always fond of oratory and politics, and at an early age he ran for the Legislature on the Democratic ticket. Defeated at six consecutive elections, he was successful the seventh, and became a leading member of the House, and ultimately Speaker. He was President of the Convention which revised the Constitution of Massachusetts, and in 1852 was elected to Congress. His election as Speaker of the House, after a protracted contest, attracted public attention throughout the country, and his career as Speaker placed him among the foremost men in the country. He was subsequently chosen for two consecutive terms Governor of Massachusetts, and increased his reputation by his administration of the office. On the close of his second term he entered the service of the Illinois Central Railroad as General Superintendent. He only vacated his post to accept the rank he holds in the army. General Banks's Department is on the Upper Potomac.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN A. DIX was born at Boscawen, New Hampshire, in 1798, and is consequently sixty-three years old. He served as ensign, and subsequently as adjutant and aid to General Brown, in the war of 1812. At the close of the war he began the practice of the law at Cooperstown, New York. He has since filled many public offices. In 1833 he was Secretary of State; in 1842 he was elected to the State Assembly; and from 1845 to 1849 he was one of the United States Senators from New York. In 1853 he was appointed Subtreasurer at New York; in 1860, Postmaster, and on the resignation of the traitor Thomas, the successor of Cobb, this spring, Secretary of the Treasury. General Dix's Department is Maryland.

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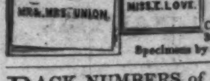
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